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THE MANITOBA

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SAMUEL BUTLER

By Austin Bothwell

I.

Samuel Butler was born on December 4th, 1835, at Langar Rectory, Nottingham. His family was a clerical one and his grandfather had been an important figure in his day, being successively headmaster at Shrewsbury and Bishop of Lichfield. When the time came, the boy was naturally sent to school at Shrewsbury, where, under Dr. Kennedy, he was well grounded in the classics. In 1854 he entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, and after three well-spent years, when his two enthusiasms were sketching and the music of Handel, he took "as good a degree as befits a gentleman," being bracketed twelfth in the first class of the Classical Tripos.

On coming down he proceeded to London to prepare for ordination by work among the poor. But doubt began to assail him like an armed man, first as to the efficacy of infant baptism and then as to the entire Thirty-nine Articles. After much travail of spirit he decided he ought not to become a clergyman. It was a disappointment to his parents, but they acquiesced and furnished him with enough capital to enable him to go out to New Zealand and set up as a sheep rancher. The date of his arrival in that Dominion was that of the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species." This work exerted a profound influence upon him and inspired a number of articles, notably "Darwin Among the Machines—the germ of Erewhon," which he contributed to *The Press* of Christchurch and which aroused no little interest in the new theories in that part of the world.

In 1864, Butler sold his ranch for double its cost to him and with his small fortune returned to London where he settled down at 15 Clifford's Inn, which was to be his home for the rest of his life. It was his ambition to become a painter, and for some years he studied assiduously, but to no very great purpose, although some of his pictures were accepted by the Royal Academy, and one, "Mr. Heatherley's Holiday," now hangs in the National Gallery.

He afterwards blamed his failure in painting upon the academies. "Fortunately for me," he exclaimed, "there are no academies for teaching people how to write books, or I should have fallen into them as I did into those for painting and instead of writing, should have spent my time and money in being told that I was learning how to write." It was easy for him to write; indeed, much of his dissatisfaction with his non-progress in painting was due to his consciousness that there were books he simply had to write. The first of

these was "Erewhon or Over the Range: A Work of Satire and Imagination," which was published in 1872. It created a mild stir, entirely incommensurate with its importance, and was translated into Dutch (if that is significant of anything). "The Fair Haven" followed, an ironical work, purporting to be "in defence of the miraculous element in our Lord's ministry upon earth, both as against rationalistic impugners and certain orthodox defenders." It was published under a pseudonym and completely deceived the reviewers who applauded it as a defence of orthodoxy, while one clergyman was so delighted that he sent a copy to a friend whom he wished to convert. Butler hastened to undeceive these admirers of his orthodoxy and published a second edition under his own name. In a preface he made much fun of his dupes with the natural result that his works were eyed askant for a long time afterwards.

About this time he got into financial difficulties, chiefly because of investment in Canadian securities(?) He came out to Montreal to retrieve, if he could, his capital, but was unsuccessful. His impression of Montreal was not wholly favorable. In the Museum of Natural History he came upon two plaster casts, one of Antinous and the other of the Discobolus "banished from public view to a room where were all manner of skins, plants, snakes, insects, and in the midst of these an old man stuffing an owl" who told him that they (the statues) were put there because they were rather vulgar. Such an incident could not take place in the beautiful museum of today, and even then Butler's irony, which he expressed in a poem, "A Psalm of Montreal," was misdirected but full of verve, nevertheless. I quote the first two stanzas:

Stowed away in a Montreal lumber room
The Discobolus standeth and turneth his face to the wall:
Dusty, cobweb-covered, maimed and set at naught,
Beauty crieth in an attic and no man regardeth:
O God! O Montreal!

Beautiful by night and day, beautiful in Summer and Winter.
Whole or maimed, always and alike beautiful—
He preacheth gospel of grace to the skins of owls
And to one who seasoneth the skins of Canadian owls:
O God! O Montreal!

The theory of evolution and kindred problems were still intriguing him. He disagreed with Darwin at many points and had his own answers to the riddle of the universe. These he sets forth in five works: "Life and Habit: an Essay After a Completer View of Evolution," 1877; "Evolution Old and New," a comparison of the theories of

Buffon, Dr. Erasmus Darwin and Lamarck with that of Charles Darwin, 1879; "God the Known and God the Unknown," 1879; "Unconscious Memory," 1880, and "Luck or Cunning, as the main means of Organic Modification"? an attempt to throw additional light upon Charles Darwin's theory of Natural Selection, 1887. Of these works I have read only one, "God the Known and God the Unknown." It is most admirably simple, lucid and sincere and—reverent. The conception of God which it sets forth seems to me to be noble and splendid. The other works are more purely scientific. Butler's theories were not, in his own day, given much attention. The pundits thought he could not have anything worth while to say because his training was not scientific. (He had not, it is true, taken his Ph.D. in Germany). To-day the originality and boldness of his views is generally recognized, and if one may trust a writer in the *Hibbert Journal*, "his views, after temporary eclipse, are gaining ground more and more among scientific men of philosophical habit of mind."

The many-sidedness of the man is striking in these years of his maturity. A holiday in Piedmont and the Canton Ticino in 1881 resulted in a most fascinating and charming book, "Alps and Sanctuaries," which is illustrated by himself and two friends. It is "a draught of vintage full of the warm South with beaded bubbles winking at the brim in the shape of jolly little drawings." This is scarcely an appropriate comparison, in view of the imminence of prohibition in this Province, but it is an expressive one for all that.

Handel had ever been an idol of Butler's, and, in these years, he devoted much attention to music. A volume of pieces for the piano, "Gavottes, Minuets and Fugues" and a humorous cantata in the Handelian form, *Narcissus*, written in collaboration with Henry Festing Jones, were the outward and visible signs of this enthusiasm.

The most glorious achievement of this productive period, however, was his novel, "The Way of All Flesh," which was begun in 1872 and finished in 1884, but not published until after his death.

In 1886 he stood for the professorship of Fine Arts at Cambridge, but without success. A non-entity was preferred before him.

In 1892 a new enthusiasm took possession of him—Homer. It is said he learned by heart the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. He translated both in very different manner and achieved remarkable success especially in his version of the *Iliad*, which is "a noble solid piece of work, unmarked by other similar attempts."

He had the conviction forced upon him that the *Odyssey* was written by a woman, which theory he confided to a somewhat derisive world in a book entitled "The Authoress of the *Odyssey*," 1897. His attitude as a literary critic, as expressed in this work, is typical of the man.

"If the *Odyssey* enforces one artistic truth more than another it is that living permanent work in literature (and the same holds good for art and music) can only be done by those who are either above, or below, conscious reference to any rules or canons whatever. . . . For after all, it is not the outward and visible signs of what we read, see or hear in any work which brings us to its feet in prostration of gratitude and affection: what really stirs us is the communion with the

still living mind of the man or woman to whom we owe it. All else is mere clothes and grammar."

This was the attitude with which he approached the study of Shakespeare's Sonnets. He was among the first to discover that they are self-revelatory, and not mere academic exercises. Mr. Frank Harris' interesting theories as enunciated in his two notable works, "The Women of Shakespeare" and "Shakespeare the Man," are probably derived to some extent from Butler. His influence upon the younger generation is indeed remarkable.

"Erewhon Revisited," is the last work. It was written "at one jet" within four months and has therefore the unity which "Erewhon" lacks. It is not so powerful a work, but it is exceedingly well written and sparkles with wit and humor.

In 1902, while at Palermo, Butler was taken ill. He returned to England to die.

"The English do not deserve to have great men," says George Bernard Shaw. Certainly, during his lifetime, Butler received but scant recognition. He was too much of a fighter—"I have chosen the fighting road," he says finely—to be beloved: he was too modest to seek renown. His works were not of a kind to render him popular; they were too controversial and iconoclastic. The multifariousness of his activities dazzled, so that his real significance was obscured. He was too early by a score of years: today, his ideas are "in the air" and he would, if alive, occupy much the same place in English literature as Anatole France in French. There would indeed be a true *entente cordiale* between these two men of genius.

He did not grieve over his non-success, though he expresses a regret that his books should not at least have paid their way. In 1899 he reckoned that he was £960 out of pocket by reason of them. Only 3,842 copies of "Erewhon" had been sold. The writer of his obituary notice in the *Times* expressed the judgment of his time—a time that the great war makes seem so many æons ago—when he wrote that it was a pity that a man of Butler's genius had not done more with his talents.

All that has changed. The present view is that he used his great gifts to noble purpose. Butler is coming into his own, so much so that, in view of the attention he is receiving, it would seem to the point to quote his lines:

"But you, nice People!

Who will be sick of me because the critics thrust me down
your throats;

But who would take me willingly enough if you were not
bored about me.

Or if you could have the cream of me—and surely this
should suffice:

Please remember that, if I were living, I should be upon
your side."

The reason for this much discussion is plain; the "cream" of him has only been given to the world since his death. This is his amazing novel, "The Way of All Flesh." Arnold Bennett, who is competent to judge, for he is himself the author of a very splendid novel, "The Old Wives' Tale," calls it "one of the great novels of the world." It is interesting to speculate at this juncture upon the tremendous ado that would be raised in Germany if a German had the "grace" to write such a book. In England, unfortunately, the pall of humbug is upon literary criticism as upon all else, and because the novel seems subversive of cherished beliefs—though in reality it is only bitter

in its attack upon illusions—it is ignored and flouted. I regard the fact that the author becomes, now and then, impatient at stupidities and abuses, and vents his indignation and becomes polemic as the one fault of the novel. It is a fault that has sounded the death-knell of many novels, notably those of George Eliot. It may be that a new generation will regard Butler's criticism as quite as banal as this does George Eliot's. But I do not think it will, for Butler has the saving grace, lacked by the lady, of humor. Then, too, the characters who voice his views are real people and the views are "longer."

Another reason for the growth of Butler's fame is the publication of his "Note-Books," containing the best of a life-time's wit and wisdom. They reveal an amazingly gifted and attractive personality in the intimacy of their self-revelation and in the fecundity and variety of ideas set forth.

II.

During his life time, Butler was regarded as a man of one book. This was "Erewhon." In the preface to the revised edition, published in 1901, Butler tells us that it was rejected by the first publishers to whom he offered it—Chapman and Hall—by "the advice of one who has attained the highest rank among living writers." He goes on to say, "I believe their reader advised them quite wisely. They told me he reported it was a philosophical work little likely to be popular with a large circle of readers. I hope that if I had been their reader I should have advised them to the same effect." The generous tribute to George Meredith, who was the reader in question, and the good-humored stoical acceptance of the situation are characteristic of Butler. Eventually a publisher was found and a book launched which, because of the pertinency and brilliancy and urbaneness of its satire, will live. It is not likely it will become so popular as to become a favorite boy's book—like "Gulliver's Travels"—but it will gain more and more readers as the years pass, for it is a competent commentary on life and manners in the reign of the great Queen.

"Erewhon" is the beautiful land of Nowhere, where human beings dwell whose ways are not as our ways. The idea of the book then is old, old as the myth of the Garden of Eden whose inhabitants also differed from ourselves—being without sin. The idea has been a favorite. Lucian, Cyrano de Bergerac, More, Sir Philip Sidney, Swift, Bellamy, France, H. G. Wells are only a few of the authors who have made use of it. To portray imaginary countries, reporting "imaginary conversations" is a facile way of criticizing one's own day and generation.

The supreme exemplar in the genre is "Gulliver's Travels." One may maintain without fear that "Erewhon" is a close second, and thereby say a great deal; for "Gulliver's Travels" is a work of rare genius.

The idea of his work came to Butler in New Zealand when he ranged the "high pastures" with his sheep. It is, so he declares, a tradition among the natives that "over the range there lies a strange and beautiful land." One Chowbuk is the only person who knows the single route thither, and a great fear seals his lips. However, Higgs, a sheep ranger, resolves to explore and finds a way to obtain the information he desires. The

culmination of his efforts is described in a manner truly Homeric: "As, upon a cold day in Winter, when one has churned and churned in vain, and the butter makes no sign of coming, at last one tells by the sound that the cream has gone to sleep, and then, upon a sudden, the butter comes, so I had churned at Chowbuk until I perceived that he had arrived, as it were, at the sleepy stage and that, with a continuance of quiet, steady pressure, the day was mine." Chowbuk confesses and as soon as may be Higgs sets out taking the reluctant Chowbuk with him, who deserts as soon as the supply of whiskey runs low, but fortunately not before he has indicated the correct route.

The account of the trials and difficulties overcome by the intrepid Higgs in his journey through the perilous pass is vivid and realistic. It has the air of being the account of an actual trip, with the result that none of the later happenings seem altogether incredible. At length the promised land is reached and Higgs encounters some of its inhabitants. He is struck by their extreme pulchritude—he learns later that they regard ugliness as a misdemeanor. Himself a "blonde beast," in the euphemistic sense of that phrase, he makes a favorable impression. He is, however, taken into custody and imprisoned.

In prison he is treated kindly and is taught the language, his most efficient teacher being the goaler's lovely daughter Yram. (One may note in passing that Butler gives his names an exotic flavor by the simple device of spelling our most common cognomens backwards, thus, Senoj, Thims, Nosnibor.) The hero's fate trembles for a moment in the balance when his watch is discovered. His possession of it is held to be a heinous crime, "almost as bad as having typhus fever." For the Erewhonians had, several centuries earlier, come to regard machinery as a menace to the state and ruthlessly destroyed all but the most simple of implements of labor. They feared that the growing complexity of machines and their marvelous adaptability to their tasks might, in the long run, develop in them consciousness, in which event they feared mankind as the weaker might go to the wall, and machinery, as the fittest, survive. Besides the pleasing gibe at Darwin's theory there is almost a prophetic note here. In the air, on the sea and on land the stronger, finer machine is victorious to-day.

Higgs escapes punishment for his crime because the queen of the land has become interested in the fair-haired stranger. He is released and conveyed by devious ways, blindfolded the while, to the capital city, a magnificent place with many buildings of great beauty. Here he becomes the guest of the Nosnibors.

Mr. Nosnibor is a man of weight in the community, but he is regarded just now as a very ill man because he has, in a moment of weakness, robbed a poor woman of her all. He is undergoing a cure. The Erewhonians look upon crime as a disease and sickness as a crime. Later on, Higgs is present at the trial of a poor wretch who is condemned to life imprisonment for "committing" pulmonary consumption. Butler here again anticipates a modern attitude: that crime is a disease and should be so treated. One might add that it would be reasonable to treat some diseases to-day as inexcusable crimes.

A complete summary of the manners and customs

of the Erewhonians is impossible in brief space. The most reprehensible feature of life among them is the fact that, though they have a state church, the musical banks, which give false coin in exchange for real, the goddess Ydgrun exerts a more potent influence upon conduct than the teachings of the priests of the established religion.

"Ydgrun certainly occupied a very anomalous position. She was held to be both omnipresent and omnipotent, but she was not an elevated conception and was sometimes both cruel and absurd. Even her most devoted worshippers were a little ashamed of her, and served her more in deed than with their tongues. Theirs was no lip service; on the contrary, even when worshipping her most devoutly, they would often deny her. Take her all in all, however, she was a beneficent diety who did not care how much she was denied so long as she was obeyed and feared, and who kept hundreds of thousands in those paths which make life tolerably happy, who would never have been kept there otherwise, and over whom a higher and more spiritual ideal would have had no power."

This is, indeed, Mrs. Grundy, from whose thrall we have not yet fully emancipated ourselves. Perhaps(?) woman suffrage will overthrow her from her present high estate.

The satire of the book becomes vigorous indeed in the account given of the Colleges of Unreason. Here the "hypothetical" language is taught, and original thought discouraged, absolutely.

"I was rarely sure what the professors really meant, for there was no getting anything if they scented even a suspicion that they might be what they called "giving themselves away." As there is hardly any subject on which this suspicion cannot arise, I found it difficult to get definite opinions from any of them except on such subjects as the weather, eating, drinking, holiday excursions and games of skill.

If they cannot wriggle out of expressing an opinion of some sort, they will commonly retail that of someone who has already written upon the subject, and conclude by saying that, though they quite admit that there is an element of truth in what the writer has said, there are many points on which they are unable to agree with him. Which these points were, I invariably found myself unable to determine; indeed, it seemed to be counted the perfection of scholarship and good breeding among them not to have an opinion on any subject on which it might prove later that they had been mistaken. The art of sitting gracefully on a fence has never, I should think, been brought to a greater perfection than at the Erewhonian College of Unreason" (unless by the President of a nearby Republic.)

"The fear-of-giving-themselves-away disease was fatal to the intelligence of those infected by it and almost everyone at the College of Unreason had caught it to a greater or less degree. After a few years, atrophy of the opinions invariably intervened and the sufferer became stone dead to everything except the more superficial aspects of those material objects with which he came most in contact. No cure for this disgusting fear-of-giving-themselves-away disease has yet been discovered."

This is satire that bites home. There is no doubt that the insidious and perilous vice of humbug was enthroned in England throughout the Victorian Age, and was responsible for the insensibility to

moral values, the hatred of moral and artistic freedom and the false sentimentality which then obtained. Butler "made the nineteenth century Englishman see himself as very like a crab, sidling upon the ooze of his own particular pool, and sinking into the mud and throwing up a cloud of it upon any approach." So, at least, Gilbert Cannon maintains. Butler's satire in any case was salutary: it is still, after fifty years, valid and fresh. The book may be enjoyed; its criticism of men and things is so pointed and yet smiling. Its irony is the irony of a man who "walked the world" with his eyes open without illusions but without bitterness, one who could despise man and yet love him, see his weakness and yet hope. Butler gives expression to his own healthy love of common sense and downrightness his hatred of all sham and self-deception.

In the words of Meredith, writing of Moliere, "The source of his wit is clear reason: it is a fountain of that soil and it springs to vindicate reason, common sense, rightness and justice; for no vain purpose ever." Butler, the satirist, is a member of a goodly fellowship: Aristophanes, Rabelais, Moliere, Swift, Voltaire, Anatole France.

Mr. Higgs—I fear I have lost sight of him rather—eventually escaped from Erewhon in a balloon, taking with him Arowhena, the fair younger daughter of Mr. Nosnibor. Twenty years later, when he revisited Erewhon, he found that he had been deified on account of his miraculous ascension and his worship become a cult. Hanky and Panky are still the guides of public opinion. But the rest of the acts of Mr. Higgs and all that he did, are they not written in "Erewhon Revisited," a very readable book.

III.

"The Way of All Flesh," is interesting from so many aspects that it is difficult to make a choice. It is strikingly modern, though written before "Tono Bungay" or the "Old Wives' Tale." Its influence on younger writers has been great. George Bernard Shaw has lifted out of it bodily one of his famous prefaces—that on the education of children, *vide* "Misalliance." The novel is autobiographical also, and at a hundred points his hero's experiences are Butler's own. Both doubt and discard the faith of their fathers, both write books on kindred themes which are unpopular. The novel brings the church to the bar of judgment and condemns it. The virtue of "kissing the soil" is enunciated with some fervor. And so one might continue indefinitely.

The essential thing, however, is that "The Way of All Flesh" is a study of human nature, a close study of it in relation to environment, as influenced by heredity, in its constant change and yet its permanency. For the hero of the book is his father over again and his grandfather, and yet he is something more. In that very charming play "Milestones," Arnold Bennett makes a study of three generations of the same family as at the time of wooden ships, of iron ships and steel ships, and he very skilfully interrelates the external material changes with the internal spiritual changes. This is the method of Butler: an instance will make clear what I mean.

The hero's grandfather, George Pontifex, fell upon his feet in London when he went there as a

youth and eventually became a member of a wealthy publishing firm. It was then the custom for well-to-do people to visit Switzerland in pursuit of culture—witness M. Perrichon. Like that worthy, Mr. Pontifex visited the *mer de glace* at Chamonix and there too, like the Frenchman, he felt it incumbent upon him to write in the visitor's book. And this is what he perpetrated:

"Lord, while these wonders of thy hand I see,
My soul in holy reverence bends to thee.
These awful solitudes, this dread repose,
Yon pyramid sublime of spotless snows.
These spiry pinacles, those smiling plains,
This sea where one eternal winter reigns,
These are Thy works, and while on them I gaze
I hear a silent tongue that speaks Thy praise."

It is almost as good as Mrs. Hemans. A great contrast to this effusion is the hero's laconic narration of his ascent of the Great St. Bernard. "I went up to the Great St. Bernard and saw the dogs." The two generations are worlds apart. William Morris furniture has replaced antimacassared hair-cloth discomfart. I do not know any novel which so successfully and completely unrolls the conflict of the generations and the evolution of manners and modes of thought which relentless time brings round. The Pontifex family stands for the nation in its constancy to itself in the main elements of character and its susceptibility to change in its view points and ideals, as the swift seasons roll.

The fetich of the early Victorians was authority. Parents in their homes, masters in their factories, professors in their class rooms, were tyrants. The theme of "The Way of All Flesh" is the breakdown of authority, the story is the story of Ernest Pontifex's emancipation from it. He early learned its ruthlessness. When he was two years old his father began to teach him to read. "He began to whip him two days after he had begun to teach. The child's lips refused to pronounce a "c" or "k" and he said "tum." His father tried to cure him by threatening punishment if he didn't say "come," and actually he thrashed him when he couldn't manage it. Verily, as Butler remarks, "He that is stupid in little things will be stupid also in much." Theobald Pontifex's life is a continued selfishness and narrowness. His religion is as clammy as his dullness is entire. A more detestable prig and pedant does not exist in our literature. Yet he lives and dies in the odor of sanctity because he is rigid as a rock on the authority of the Bible, though selfish, cruel and inhuman in his treatment of his wife and children.

A more attractive personality, though a repulsive one too, is George Pontifex, the grandfather. He has at least some human frailties. He loves the pleasures of the table. But he is also a tyrant and holds his fortune over his children like a club. He is a pompous ass and a choleric Christian. The incident of the Jordan water is characteristic. He had saved it for many years for the baptism of his first grandson. The hero's birth furnished forth the glad occasion. He went to the cellar for the precious bottle.

"Then came a catastrophe. He stumbled over an empty hamper; there was a sound of a fall—a smash of broken glass and in an instant the cellar floor was covered with the liquid that had been preserved so carefully for so many years.

"With his usual presence of mind Mr. Pontifex gasped out a month's warning to Gelstrap. Then

he got up and stamped. . . 'It's water from the Jordan,' he exclaimed furiously, 'which I have been saving for the baptism of my eldest grandson. Damn you, Gelstrap, how dare you be so infernally careless as to leave that hamper littering about the cellar?' I wonder the water of the sacred stream did not stand upright as an heap upon the floor and rebuke him. Gelstrap told the other servants afterwards that his master's language had made his backbone curdle."

Truly an amiable gentleman. He lived, of course, to a good old age and died full of years and honor. His epitaph set up by his loving family was rather ambiguous:

*He now lies awaiting a joyful Resurrection
at the last Day,
What manner of man he was
that Day will discover.*

But the genuine creation of the book is Mrs. Jupp, a joyful old sinner, a worthy sister of Mrs. Quickly. Her words are words of wickedness, but her heart as good as gold.

A second reading of the novel has given me more joy than the first. Then I was carried away with admiration and read in headlong fashion so that I missed the many delicate touches, the rapier-like play of the author's sly humor and cutting irony. One example must suffice. Ernest, after his disgrace, returns to his home and his family only learns of his good fortune in coming into his aunt's money after his arrival. Everything is unchanged.

"One picture only was removed—a photograph of himself which had hung under one of his father and between those of his brother and sister. Ernest noticed this at prayer time, while his father was reading about Noah's ark and how they daubed it with slime, which, as it happened, had been Ernest's favorite text when he was a boy. Next morning, however, the photograph had found its way back again, a little dusty and with a bit of the gilding chipped off from one corner of the frame, but there sure enough it was. *I suppose they put it back when they found how rich he had become.*"

This is the ironical comment of the old disillusioned bachelor who tells the story. He reveals himself in every line as a personality of rare wisdom possessed of a fund of dry humor and kindly cynicism, shrewd, keenly observant, a reader of men's minds and yet a lover of mankind and of God, reverent beneath his mockery. He is Butler himself. He "took the buffets and rewards of life with equal thanks" and is now coming into his kingdom.

NOTES FROM THE NOTE-BOOKS OF SAMUEL BUTLER

Never try to find out anything, or try to learn anything until the not knowing it has come to be a nuisance to you for some time. Then you will remember it, but not otherwise. Let knowledge importune you before you will hear it. Our schools and universities go on precisely the opposite system.

Everyone should keep a mental waste-paper basket and the older he grows the more things

he will consign to it—torn up to irrecoverable tatters.

A definition is the enclosing a wilderness of ideas within a wall of words.

Providence in making the rain fall also upon the sea was like the man who, when he was to play Othello, must needs black himself all over.

To live is like to love—all reason is against it and all healthy instinct for it.

"Cleanse thou me from secret sins." I heard a man moralizing on this and shocked him by saying demurely that I did not mind these so much, if I could get rid of those that were obvious to other people.

We want a Society for the Suppression of Erudite Research and the Decent Burial of the Past. The ghosts of the dead past want quite as much laying as raising.

A sense of humor keen enough to show a man his own absurdities, as well as those of other people, will keep him from the commission of all sins, or nearly all, save those that are worth committing.

The extremes of vice and virtue are alike detestable; absolute virtue is as sure to kill a man as absolute vice is, let alone the dullnesses of it and the pomposities.

Melchisedec was a really happy man. He was

without father, without mother and without descent. He was an incarnate bachelor. He was a born orphan.

Heaven is the work of the best and kindest men and women. Hell is the work of prigs, pedants and professional truth-tellers. The world is an attempt to make the best of both.

My Son

I have often told my son that he must begin by finding me a wife to become his mother, who shall satisfy both himself and me. But this is only one of the many rocks on which we have hitherto spilt. We should never have got on together; I should have had to cut him off with a shilling either for laughing at Homer, or for refusing to laugh at him or both or neither, but still cut him off. So I settled the matter long ago by turning a deaf ear to his importunities and sticking to it that I would not get him at all. Yet this thin ghost visits me at times and, though he knows that it is no use pestering me further, he looks at me so wistfully and reproachfully that I am half-inclined to turn tail, take my chance about his mother and ask him to let me get him after all. But I should show a clean pair of heels if he said "Yes."

Besides he would probably be a girl.

Prof. Heinzelmann on the Naturalistic Drama

Prof. Heinzelmann's lecture on the Naturalistic Drama should have been better attended and should have commenced punctually. With lectures suspended and a subject which should form part of the education of the most superficial of the students there was little excuse for the sparse attendance.

It is by no means a gain to the student that Dr. Heinzelmann should either as teacher or as man, remain unknown outside that small and eccentric set where curiosity, outweighing their patriotism, leads them to the now unfashionable study of German.

As the lecturer said, no man can become properly acquainted with or truly appreciate any one literature without a knowledge of other literatures, and Dr. Heinzelmann amply maintains that principle, for much of his teaching in the German classes consists in courses on comparative literature.

The drama constitutes a powerful force in modern life. It takes its place beside the Church as an influence upon moral and social conditions and whether that influence be pernicious or of a refining nature, it is a real one. The proper function of the stage should be to promote a more correct appreciation of life and a closer handling of its problems.

Dr. Heinzelmann emphasized the importance of the Dramatic Society in University life and highly commended the achievements of the Manitoba Dramatic Society. The naturalistic drama which absolutely dominated the stage for two decades was the creation of young men unknown to fame who felt that the great literatures had become antiquated and had no real contact with life. Their watchword was "away with the well

worn literary traditions." They felt the need of a new technique of the drama and a revised attitude towards art and life. The naturalism of the last 20 years of the 19th century was not the first movement of its kind. A revitalising process, a return to nature, became periodically necessary and every great literary revival had always been ushered in by an era of realism.

The conditions productive of the naturalistic drama were threefold; the remarkable development of science in the latter half of last century, the rapid rise of socialism and the spread of materialism. They were all intimately connected. The teachings of Darwin and his successors, the application of science to industry and the consequent massing together of large industrial communities drew attention to urgent problems, which previously had been non-existent or ignored.

Naturalism had its rise in France and was fathered by the novelist Balzac in his "Comedie Humaine." He was the first to apply scientific methods to literature. As a close observer of life brought into intimate association with the various classes composing the proletariat, he had no interest in the past. He was a collector of facts, an observer, an experimenter. For him beauty and ugliness had lost their meaning. Interest alone was the absorbing feature. Zola treated man as a mere object in nature whose existence was determined by his surroundings. Ibsen, too, though he never regarded himself as a naturalist, was looked to everywhere as the great leader. He was the forerunner of a great school, whose lasting contribution to literature was its intense love of truth, openness and frankness in dealing with life as it is. This war against sham was aided by the establishment of the Free or Inde-

pendent Theatre, which helped and encouraged authors to overcome the sluggish mentality of the public, opposed as it always is to close mental effort or radical change in its mental outlook. The first plays to be produced in the Free Theatre were Tolstoi's "Power of Darkness" and Ibsen's "Ghosts." The naturalistic school, more than any other, demonstrated that the nationality of an author is the last consideration, that merit and interest alone are the deciding features. The naturalists were at first condemned as immoral and sensational. Plays such as "Ghosts" or Hauptmann's "Before Sunrise" aroused bitter conflicts but drew attention to problems. In England naturalism did not gain a firm foothold, most of the naturalistic plays being those of foreign authorship. Shaw, Galsworthy and Granville Barker are representative of the school though not in the same way as Ibsen, Hauptmann, Zola and Strindberg. The tendency now is to assert the freedom of the individual as against the recognized law of society, to introduce idealism, to depict the triumph of will over conditions, to aim at social reform, to point towards the better and not leave the audience in gloom and despair. The romantic element is once more introduced but combined with realism. The literature now arising is aiming at the golden mean between the two extremes of the last century, to keep in view the hard facts and at the same time the higher and finer things of life.

The lecture, which was interesting and inspiring throughout, was illuminated by illustrations from a number of plays. It was altogether a delightful hour. It was distressing however to be so constantly aware that not all the students in the building were in at the lecture.

J. H. SANDHEIM.

OUR INTERNATIONAL DEBATE

According to the existing contract between the University of North Dakota and our University, the debate this year takes place on February 25th inst., at Grand Forks.

The subject which has been decided upon is one of interest to every American and, indirectly, to every Canadian. Resolved: "That the United States should have intervened to maintain the neutrality of Belgium." The affirmative is to be upheld by the Americans while the Canadians are to speak in favor of the negative.

The debaters for Grand Forks are Ediven Swiggum, Edward McDermott, and Almer Hemans, men who have won their "spurs" in their University debating world. The team going from Manitoba to oppose them is: William W. MacPherson, B.A., of Manitoba College; Ernest W. Quinn, B.A., of the Law Society; and Arthur Rose of Wesley College. Mr. MacPherson has the honor of being the leader.

They go South with our best wishes, for it is the hope of all here that they may be received home again as victors.

Our Weekly Fashion Hint

The use of belt is optional, and either two styles of sleeves may be used. The skirt has a slightly raised waistline and is made with a three-piece yoke. The attached lower part is cut in two pieces and has a pretty flare. Slightly shorter if possible.

ERSKINE WALLACE IRELAND, B.A.

Rhodes Scholar 1916

Erskine Wallace Ireland, B.A., the Rhodes Scholar for 1916, needs no introduction to his fellow students. His four years of College life have brought him into contact with almost every phase of student activity, where he has widened his circle of friends and won the esteem and confidence of all. In the Fall of 1911 he entered Manitoba College, an unknown, quiet, unassuming Freshman, but in the Spring of 1915 he passed from 'Toba's halls, known and admired by all and carrying with him the highest honors he could possibly gain. He has shown himself to be an "all round" student. He has been known to sit assiduously over his books, absorbed in the



ERSKINE IRELAND

intricacies and complexities of Mathematics; he has been seen to dance like a school boy around the tennis court, while he has been found in the hockey rink working with heart and soul to win victory for his team. There lies behind him a brilliant trail of scholarship but he still remains the same modest lad. He carries his honors lightly. It is not so much his scholarship ability that has endeared him to his friends; but rather his character. He has a keen sense of right and wrong, a high conception of life and a moral courage which cannot be swerved from the path of duty. Truly he wears "the white flower of a blameless life."

Surely, to our Rhodes Scholar, with such a combination of rare excellences, there opens up a vista of years full of continued progress and highest success. He goes to Oxford as the popular choice of the University and with the best wishes of his fellow-students. Go and "win your spurs," Erskine.

W. McPherson, '15.

That is a good suggestion about having the rolls of honor put up. The only objection we see is that if they are placed in the library, some one will steal them.—From *The McGill Daily*.

THE MANITOBAN

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FEBRUARY, 1916



EDITORIAL



The one saving clause in the bill, the one bright spot on the escutcheon, the one beam of light in the midnight darkness of typhoid fever—the University of Manitoba has no precedents.

—Pearl G's Calendar.

It is the night of an affair. The Convocation Hall is gradually filling with students, members of the Faculty, and relatives of those who are on the program. Up in the gallery the Stags, tightly packed, are gazing greedily at the fortunate couples below. A low murmur of many voices percolates through the hall. Ten minutes to wait.

A Stag in the gallery recognizes a friend in the crowd. An idea is born. It is a great step to take. He hesitates. But Fame stands and beckons. The Stag delays. Fame whispers in his ear. Is he not the humorist of the College? Has he not brought sunshine into the dank and gloomy hearts of all who heard him. The Stag delays. Fame pouts and threatens to desert him. The Stag looks at his friend below to make sure, takes a deep breath, and—bawls him out.

For a moment the audience stands aghast. The audacity! The rudeness of it! Then a titter sweeps over the crowd. They break into a laugh. They roar. They shriek in a wild frenzy of riotous mirth. They gurgle with voluptuous delight. They pound each other on the back. They bellow with deep satisfaction. Why not? It was bold, but clever. It was funny. It was humorous. It was witty with a reckless wit. It was sprightly—new. Ah! These College boys! Is nothing sacred to them? Such cunning disregard for the unities. Such—Har! Har! Har! They hiccough profanely.

The weary years roll on.*

* * *

It is the night of an affair. The Convocation Hall is gradually filling with students, members of the Faculty, and relatives of those who are on the program. Up in the gallery the Stags tightly packed are gazing greedily at the fortunate couples below, and their keen eyes detect their prey. The

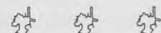
* Twenty.

idea, born so many years ago, has become a man. They need have no fear, they need never hesitate. A well known person appears below. The Stags whisper together, take a deep breath and—bawl him out.

The audience bursts into a delirium of delight. They chortle with glee. They babble with pleasure. They stamp their feet with joy. They giggle with happy contentment. They snicker, they titter, they click their teeth. They are having a good time. They are sensing the academic spirit at its best. They are getting, at first hand, the consummate humor, the keen subtle wit, the reckless abandon, of the College boys, of which they have read so much. Are they to be disappointed? Nay, the old Gag is still in its prime. The old, tried, memorable Gag is still leading the way along the endless furrow.

Dear Friends: In a few days the University Dramatic Society will present the *Admirable Crichton*. We are all going. Let us prepare to greet the old Gag with tears of friendship. Let us, when she steps down from the gallery, treat her with the respect and kindness which she has earned by many years of service. She may be toothless, decrepit, halt and feeble, but she has been a good servant in the days of intellectual famine and blatant floods. She may be witless and doting, but as long as the sterile brain of the gallery humorist is in our midst, she will serve with humble subjection. As long as the three-candlepower intellect of the bawler-out fails to illuminate anything but noise, the old Gag will remain true. Perhaps some disciple of the New Thought will think out something clever to say at the next affair, and forever relegate the old Gag to the long list of black arts, painless dentistry, academic gowns, initiations, denominational Colleges, circuses, patent medicines, debates, atheists, militarism, tuition fees, and other relics of the Middle Ages. Who knows?

Who knows?

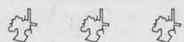


With the booming of a gun off-stage in the third act of "The Admirable Crichton," while a dance is at its height to celebrate the betrothal of Crichton to Lady Mary, comes one of the greatest climaxes in the modern theatre. Marooned on an island, far from the course of ships, in two years Crichton has become a veritable king of a community which consists of some of the members of a household in which he was once employed as butler. And now, secure in his position and worshipped by all, the supreme moment of his life has come with the winning of the hand of Lord Loam's daughter. But hark! What was that? A ship having by accident gone off her course has sent a boat ashore for water, and faintly there is wafted over the waves the sullen boom of her cannon recalling it. Farewell, a long farewell to Crichton's greatness. No more. No more. In a twinkling the glorious edifice of his dreams lies ruined and battered at his feet. Not for an instant does Crichton's hand hesitate as he steps to the lever which shall set burning the beacons over the island and by their flare attract the attention of the newcomers. The rescue party lands. The menials are once more addressed as lords and ladies; the nephew

begins to think once more of his Mayfair epigrams; and Crichton himself once more falls into his old respectful butler attitude.

Search far and wide through the annals of the modern drama and you will find only two other climaxes to approach it; the one in Galsworthy's "The Mob," where the dim and distant rattle of the drums shakes the iron bound resolve of man; the other the scene which gives the title to Ibsen's "Ghosts."

The simple creed in this play that "Whatever is natural is right" has always been the creed of the drama. Indeed it is the great element of continuity in dramatic literature, this thesis that nature will have her way and though you expel her with a fork she will yet recur. Virtually all the dramatists have treated this "Nature" theme in their several ways—satirically (Gilbert), sorrowfully (Tchekoff, *vide* "The Cherry Orchard"), brutally (Wedekind) and with irony (moral Ibsen, unmoral Becque, immoral Capus). It has been reserved for Barrie to work out the theme in several moods at once. Some one has said of Schnitzler, "That no dramatist has written tragedy with so light a hand or comedy with so ironically pathetic a smile." In this instance this same is true of Barrie. "The Admirable Crichton" combines a simplicity and straightforwardness of execution with a subtlety and complexity of ideas underlying it that makes the play *sui generis*.



A few days ago we dropped into the study of a savant whose special delight is the English novel. Glancing over the four shelves of books which adorned the wall, we noticed about fifty-eight books about the novel, and—eight novels.

A few days ago a large class in English undertook to write an essay entitled "How to Improve *The Manitoban*." Only three of them had ever written anything for our beautiful sheet.

Whereupon we bashfully make the following suggestion. Just as in studying the novel, the best way is to read it, rather than about it, so in improving *The Manitoban* the best method is to write *for* it, rather than *about* it.



A local contemporary, *Vox* by name, whose staff comprises eighty men, raves thuswise in its current issue:

Etc., Etc. "When, for instance, a section of the students of the University gather together and after carefully excluding the rest of the student body, decide to label themselves 'The University of Manitoba Students' Association,' this looks suspiciously like an attempt to 'hoodwink the public.' And when a society 'composed of all graduates of our University who graduate in Arts and Science and who do not at the same time graduate from any of the affiliated Colleges, calls itself 'The University Arts and Science Alumni,' the public is in danger of being misled.

"Indeed it might even be suggested that when a publication whose staff is appointed in secret and which claims to be responsible to nobody but itself, calls itself 'The Official Organ of the University of Manitoba,' it looks as though somebody were trying to 'hoodwink the public.'

"Would it not be better, if, instead of assuming a gratuitous attitude of hostility towards the rest of the University our friends would try to understand the facts of the case? A little sincere investigation would reveal to them the fact that long before they appeared on the scene the *pioneers* connected with the Denominational Colleges were building up the University, and that the same institutions have never ceased their labors on its behalf. It is to the interests of all concerned to try to understand one another's point of view so

that all who sincerely desire the best for our University may work together for the common end, etc., etc."

Thus the dripping of the superlative saliva!

Thus the pathetic appeal for our friendship and co-operation!

Do the pioneers then regard "The University of Manitoba Students' Association" as an illegitimate offspring? Do they?

Well, we admit that the monasteries were of great educational value during the Dark Ages.



Editor *The Manitoban*:

Dear Sir—I have often admired the design on the cover of *The Manitoban*, but am unable to make out its heraldic significance. Will you please interpret it for me. Sincerely,

Marjorie S., '19.

Certainly! The books in the design are opened at the pages on which the thoughts of most of our contributors are written.

In the upper left-hand corner of the central design you will notice a tilled field with cross roads running through it. This signifies industry and patience.

The bull charging is in search of the Editor. He is said to be *rampant*.

The thistle with the blossom detached is a tribute to the Scotchmen in this country. Detached—see?

The man in the lower corner is Wm. Jennings Bryan. He is drawing a picture of the peace dove at his feet.

The bunch of grapes growing behind the billboard have no significance. On the billboard is the word *floreat*, which means, "Let 'er wizz!" It is a French word, Marjorie.

The date, 1877, is a fictitious date, supposed to be the year in which the University of Manitoba was founded. The real date will be substituted when the University is eventually founded.

The figures at either side symbolize the Spartan idea of enduring pain, as does also the dog on the top.

The dark line around the edge is known as the "bar sinister" and presages the prohibition movement. It has the added purposes of putting a stop to the picture.



Did anybody notice that all the Campus Notes we received from St. Boniface last month was a little poem entitled "Motherhood." Probably somebody at St. Boniface has given birth to an idea!



There will be no "Hemlock" column this issue as some of our readers got blood poisoning from an overdose of Hemlock. In any case, the picture was meant for the sports column.



Our next issue will contain a little article describing the present conditions in the Upper Nevesna, entitled, "The Crime of Shooting Stars."

Well, well, here is a little space. Let us fill it with something. What can we use as filler? Oh, anything!

THE U.S.M.A.

The material for the following was gathered hastily for this issue. Not much time could be given to artistic arrangement. The contents have been gathered from various students who took a great interest in the movement, and in many cases



HON. T. C. NORRIS, Honorary President

the information has been printed word for word as we received it. Its primary aim is to give the students and readers of *The Manitoban* a general account of this newly organized student body. *The Manitoban*, as a greater University paper, felt itself bound to allot this space, because this change is one of the most momentous that has happened in connection with higher education in the Province for several years.

For many years the students and Faculty of the University have been endeavoring by various means to unite the several student bodies affiliated with the University, and thus to awaken a University spirit. There has always prevailed an expectation that in the future, whether near or far, all of our students would be united in a "greater University." All attempts at union have been made, not only in preparation for the future, but also, if possible to hasten the advent of that "greater University."

About three years ago, the signs seemed very favorable. It seemed that new University buildings were almost in sight, but the war came and again putting the erection of the cherished building and other enthusiastic ideas farther off from realization.

The Students' Representative Council has existed for the past two years, but its functions each year have been diminished until this year the Council has been forced to discontinue its meetings. The Students' Representative Council consists of one representative from each of the student bodies and intercollegiate executives in the University. The aim was to make this the most representative body possible. But it was

found that each student body or executive had so distributed its powers, that absolutely no functions were left to be performed by the Central Council. The Representative Council had sufficient power and prerogative but had no field within which these might be exercised. Accordingly, the Council has met this year merely as a passive body, without any possibility for action. The meetings have been adjourned each time without having discussed any matters on account of the lack of subjects to be discussed. In this way the tendency in the University has been towards disunion rather than to union. The resulting evils of this deplorable condition in a State University are too obvious to require mention.

As a result of the existence of these destructive tendencies towards disunion, meetings were held last December by both students and Faculty. Each successive meeting arrived more decisively at the conclusion that the students should commence a movement towards union. Such a union of the students seemed only natural. The faculties of the four departments of the University—Pharmacy, Engineering, Science and Arts—have always met in common, while the students of these four departments have been separated into four student bodies. The University has therefore been as "a house divided against itself," and the union had necessarily to come through the students. The students realized their responsibility, and representative committees of the



PROFESSOR CHESTER MARTIN, Faculty Representative

students fully discussed and considered the matter before it was suggested to the several student bodies.

It was hardly to be hoped that such a radical change should be adopted at a moment's notice, without some differences arising. The meetings of the student bodies were not free from opposi-

tion to the plan of union. Differences were gradually reduced to a minimum and it was considered by all four student bodies that the amalgamation of the four departments would bring entirely beneficial results. Thus, the problems were really solved before the subject was brought before the meeting of all the students of the University proper on Friday, January 14th. The union of the four departments was effected with comparative ease. A draft constitution was put before the meeting as a basis for discussion and a partial constitution was adopted by the meeting.

It was the intention of the students to allow for fair and equal representation from each of the separate departments. For this reason it was arranged through the constitution that the student officers should be nominated only by the assembly and should be finally elected by an electoral College composed of three students from each of the four student faculties.

The new Students' Association is governed by a students' council of nine members, consisting of a president, four vice-presidents, a lady representative, a faculty representative, a secretary and a treasurer. This central council, together with the several student executives, control all of the activities of the University student body.

The qualifications for membership are registration in the University for instruction and payment of fees to the Association. This in no way bars students from affiliated Colleges from becoming members. The main principle underlying the scheme as mentioned above is directly to support a State institution, and get away as



W. T. STRAITH, President

much as possible from sectionalism in higher education. Our public school system has led the way by showing the most efficient way to conduct education is to make institutions as undenominational as possible.

The following extracts handed to us will show the outstanding features of the former student bodies and incidentally show the various poten-

tialities which will combine to make this organization the leader in the Province.

PHARMACY

Up to the present time, all student affairs at Pharmacy have been controlled by the one Council. The students have an organization known as the Pharmacy Students' Society. The Council appointed by this body have to deal with



JOHN POPPE, Treasurer

all matters. There are no other separate organizations. Matters of extreme importance about which the Council are doubtful are brought before the students for discussion. In this way athletics, business and all matters affecting the students are handled in a most direct and efficient manner.

But under this system, literary and social functions have been neglected. No literary society exists and this phase of College education is lost.

While the Pharmacy Students' Council will still have practically the same functions as ever, concerning Pharmacy students the uniting of the different faculties to form one student body with one Council will pave the way for a greater sociability amongst the students at the University, and it is to be hoped that the new organization will, in time, find itself able to control all activities affecting University students by building up a student body in which the students of Arts, Science, Engineering and Pharmacy will mix as one.

SCIENCE

Since the establishment, three years ago, of the B.Sc. Course in the University the number of students taking the Course has increased steadily, until there are at present nearly three times as many enrolled as in the initial year of the Course. Owing to our small number of students no separate organization has been attempted in previous years. But this session, with the

formation of the new U.M.S.A., the time appeared ripe for forming an organized body. Accordingly a meeting was held for this purpose and the foundations of an organization laid. It was decided, for the present, that no committee was necessary, but a president and secretary were elected. A discussion of possible activities followed, the consensus of opinion being that the Scientific Society should be the principal outlet for such energy not required for class work.

Mr. U. D. Clark, '17, is at present treasurer of the Scientific Society. Mr. A. M. W. Cooke, '19, was elected secretary. Mr. Cooke has had several years' connection with the Geological Department, and the choice was well made. The Scientific Society has been completely reorganized again this year. The officers elected at the organization meeting at the beginning of the Fall term have, by much hard work, made the society a success.

The following will perhaps give an idea of the activities of the Scientific Society.

Following Prof. Buller's lecture on "The Theory of Evolution," the society met for a short discussion of the subject. The next meeting was held in the Sherbrooke Street Building. The feature of the evening was Prof. Boyd's lecture on "Medical Science in the War," illustrated by slides taken at the front. The evening served as an excellent opening for the series to be held throughout the session.

Prof. Leonard, of North Dakota, addressed the second meeting on "The Formation of Ore-Deposits." On January 27th Mr. Gowanlock gave a paper on "Adaptation in Birds." Mr. Gowanlock, a student, has become, through steady application, an authority on his subject. A keen discussion followed. A short business meeting was then held at which Professor Buller's offer of a prize for the best discussion of any paper during the session was announced. Professors Parker, Wallace and Ames consented to



GEORGE P. BLAKEMAN, Vice-President (Pharmacy)

act as judges. This will stimulate an interest in the students and induce them to take an active part.

Several other meetings are scheduled for this term. These will be announced from time to time. The society is greatly indebted to the executive, and especially to the lady members, who have provided the refreshments at both evenings. The executive of the society is as

follows: President, C. G. Lee; secretary, C. Halliday; treasurer, Prof. M. A. Parker; assistant treasurer, U. D. Clark; committee, Miss Christie, Miss Bryan, Prof. Armes and C. J. Moir.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA

The Engineering Society is the senior organization among the various student bodies in the



W. D. CLARKE, Vice-President (Science)

University of Manitoba. With the inauguration of a Department of Engineering in 1909, such a body was immediately deemed necessary for the proper carrying out of student activities. As the years have gone by, this Society has succeeded in finding its place amongst the students to such a degree that, at the present time, every engineering student is an enthusiastic and loyal supporter of his Faculty.

The primary object of this society is to help the students to develop initiative, which is of such vital importance in engineering, in all their undertakings. To accomplish this, meetings are held every month, and oftener if required. At these meetings, prominent engineers speak on various subjects of special interest to them. At these meetings, the student realizes the scope of his future work and sees its direct application. Hearing these men who are solving their problems every day, the student receives a great impetus towards further endeavor in his work.

Realizing the fact that engineers as a rule do not take sufficient advantage of their social opportunities, the society carries its social programme every year. Great care is taken to make these the best possible, and Engineering students must support them.

In athletics, the society is behind its students in every branch of sport. It is especially along this line that Engineers find themselves at home, with the result that every year the Engineers annex their share of championships or else have been close runners-up. The Engineering Society

owes a great deal to its Faculty. This is composed of men with the broadest outlook upon life, and the encouragement and co-operation which the students receive from them is of great value to them.

UNIVERSITY ARTS

The Arts body is, and probably always will be, the largest unit in the University. 'Varsity Arts



C. R. SMITH, Vice-President (Arts)

was purely a student organization, and was one of the latest of its kind in the Dominion. Its foundations were laid by the '15 Class and indirectly by the '14 Class of the short-lived United College. The main event that occasioned the need of such a new organization was the secession of part of our former student body. One of the outstanding statements in the *Year Book* for 1914 hailed the amalgamation of the two strongest student bodies as the "beginning of a fairer time," and as a thing that was supposed "to signalize an event which must ever be memorable in the history of higher education in the Canadian West." This was still the ideal before the students' minds when they created what was for a time called 'Varsity College, a little over a year ago. To those who fell back into the old rut, and to those students who support them, these words must sound as so much absurd twaddle. The majority of us who sincerely believed that it was "the beginning of a fairer time" had our consciences clear that we were taking the right course, a course which is producing an Arts student body, which is directly supporting the University, and is desirous to be an undenominational institution for the entire people of Manitoba, irrespective of creeds and opinions.

This organization controlled its business and activities by a Students' Parliament. The executive of the Student Parliament was called the Cabinet. The representative of Fourth Year was the First Minister or Premier or usually called the Senior Stick. The lady representative was

called the Lady Stick. The treasurer and secretary were nominated by the Cabinet and elected at large. The other members were one gentleman representative from each of the four years; two lady students, one representing First and Second Years and one Third and Fourth Years; and the head of each of the following organizations, Athletics, Debating, Social and Literary, V.W.A., Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A.

As regards the new U.M.S.A. the Arts students are, as a whole, entirely in favor of it. Our new Senior representative, Rhodes Smith, when approached on this subject gladly consented to express his views. "At present the Arts body suffers even more than others from the evils of a disjointed and ill-equipped University. Split up into sections and distributed through several widely separated buildings, with no central building to call their own, the students have little opportunity to develop class and College spirit, the spirit that makes for a stronger and better University. Yet they have always made good showing on the various athletic fields, in scholarships, in all the activities of student life, and have maintained a fair semblance of enthusiasm. Therefore it is with a hope and belief in the future that the Arts students support the new organization. They believe in the future of the University and that a united student body is the firmest foundation on which to build it. We can say, without the slightest hesitation, that the Art students intend to support the U.M.S.A. to the full."

From the foregoing one gets a glimpse of the various units that make up the U.M.S.A. Their objects, as expressed at the large joint meeting, are the promotion of a University spirit, the forming of a bond of union among all undergraduates, and the promotion of all interests common to the several University faculties. Without a doubt this prediction has every sign of being fulfilled, because of the healthful elements



MISS H. B. RATTRAY, Lady Representative

which compose this new student body. All minor differences will probably soon be buried, so that practically every activity undertaken will be done in unison. This will, of course, make this body the strongest student organization in the Province. Our big rivals will perhaps be the M.A.C. It is well that this should be so, that both State institutions be in the forefront of higher education in Manitoba. Every person

who has his Province at heart will welcome this epoch-making change. The students themselves have taken the initiative and it is most likely that the legislators will be convinced that the majority of the students are public-spirited enough to support a State institution. This fact alone should warrant the building of a stately University of which we can be proud.

It is a circumstance of happy augury that this organization will succeed in its aim. The leaders chosen are of such a type as quickly to banish any doubt as to not only keeping the spirit glowing, but handing the same determination to persevere to their successors, till this is an unqualified success. A great deal cannot be done this year because of the confusion that would occur if the present plans of the various organizations were disturbed, but nevertheless the men chosen are the best capable to lay a strong foundation for succeeding years.

OFFICERS

Honorary President.....Premier T. C. Norris
Faculty Representative.....Prof. Chester Martin
President of U.M.S.A......W. T. Straith

"Bill," as he is commonly called, was the prime mover of the scheme. He is not a goody-good student as the Discipline Committee know, but when it comes to leadership in student affairs he has the fullest confidence of the students and most of the Faculty. Throughout his College career he has been a leader. He was president of his class in his Third Year and Senior Stick in his Fourth Year. It is much to the credit of the electoral College for their decision in choosing "Bill" to engineer this organization through its first term. He took a very lively and prominent part in the discussions at the large general assembly, especially in matters referring to the objects of the Amalgamation.

Secretary.....D. E. McPherson

Mr. McPherson is an Engineer in his final year. He had the fortune of being one of the two officers to get their positions by acclamation. By nature he is of a retiring disposition, and in consequence his executive abilities have not been shown until this year. He is, however, a man whose firm judgment can be relied upon and his intimate knowledge of College affairs makes these of great value.

Treasurer.....John Popp

Unlike most of the other officers, "John" has not been so conspicuous as a student leader. He has suddenly come to the forefront in his final year by gaining the confidence of his fellow students in his election as treasurer of 'Varsity Arts. By his radical changes in the financing matters of the Arts student body his capabilities for filling the position were shown to advantage. His belief in working hard in the holidays has gained him a great experience in business affairs which he learned in the last five summers in one of the prominent law firms of the city. He was the other officer who was elected by acclamation at the large general assembly. He took a very prominent part in the discussions on behalf of the Arts body.

Lady Representative.....Miss Helen B. Rattray

From the beginning of her College career, Helen Rattray, the "Senior Girl" as she is called by the Co-eds, has been one of the most popular young ladies in the University. She has been the quiet promoter of everything worth while. Although she has held office every year it is especially now as Lady Stick that her ability has come to the fore as leader among the University ladies. Besides being the president of the V.W.A. she has also been the choice as the Lady representative to the U.M.S.A. Council.

Vice Presidents:—

Geo. P. Blakeman (Pharmacy).

Although of a quiet nature, Blakeman has shown himself to be a capable leader. Not only is he president of the Pharmacy student body, but is also the choice of the Pharmacy men as their representative to the U.M.S.A. Council. He was also on the staff of the University paper for last year.

W. W. Crouch (Engineers).

Since entering Engineering in 1912, his career has been marked by events of the greatest importance. In his Sophomore year he entered the ranks of the Benedicts, which had been expected for some time. During the year he was a member of the football and track teams, the last of which he was captain for the previous session. "Bill" is very popular with his class, having been selected its president every year. This year he is the first vice-president of the Engineering Society, and also represents the Engineers on the U.M.S.A.

U. D. Clark '17 (Science).

U. D. holds the double office of president of the Science organization and of vice-president representing Science on the executive of the U.M.S.A. He has always been a leader in his class. He was president of his class in his Freshman year. Clark is also prominent in the C.O.T.C. being Company Sergeant-Major of No. 2 Company in the University Contingent. He was the chief spokesman of the Science men at the general assembly.

C. Rhodes Smith (Arts).

"Rhodes" has lately been elected to be leader of the Arts formerly called the Senior Stick. He thus represents Arts as vice-president on the U.M.S.A. Council. He is well fitted to represent this body as he has shown himself a capable leader in almost every line of College activity. In fact, taking everything into consideration, sports, social activities and scholarship, he is probably the best all-round undergraduate in the University.

WAR-TIME ADVERTISEMENTS

April 28

SKIN—Officer requires 4 in. by 3 in. of skin to cover wound and expedite his return to duty; opportunity for unselfish patriot. Box S, 377, *The Times*.

April 30

SKIN—Officer wishes to thank the numerous persons whose offers of skin he appreciates. He almost regrets his inability to accept more than one.—*London Times*.



THE COLLEGE GIRL

In the World of Sport

With the Bonspiel at its height, and the various hockey leagues getting towards their final, and therefore most interesting games, one cannot help feeling that this is one of the busiest seasons of the year in the realm of sport.

This is especially true for the University, since just now there comes a lull in the pressure of our studies, when, with the Christmas examinations behind us and the Spring ones seeming yet afar off, we take more time to devote ourselves to that other important branch of College life—sport and athletics.

In this the ladies have been very active. On Saturday, January 29th, the 'Varsity Women's Association held a snowshoe tramp. In spite of the cold weather of that day a number of the members and their friends went out to Deer Lodge and tramped around in the park. After an afternoon spent in this enjoyable exercise they returned to the Sherbrooke Building for the appropriate refreshments of hot beans, brown bread and butter, and coffee.

The College girls have formed four teams for basket-ball, two from First Year, one from Second Year, and another from Third and Fourth Years. A series of interclass matches has been played off for the "Glad Haney" shield which was won by "A" team of the First Year. Congratulations to them!

Now the basketball players are arranging to meet outsiders in a series of Inter-Collegiate games for the cup, at present held by the Central Collegiate School.

Yet another field of sport entered by the College girl is that of hockey. 'Varsity, Wesley, and St. John's all have their ladies' hockey teams, and a match is to be played in the near future between the two former, while the latter recently met the professors and masters of St. John's in an exciting game.

In curling also we are represented, for two of our number are this year playing in the Bonspiel. We wish them every success.

The Red Cross Society

The University Red Cross Society is still working busily for the men at the front. There are various kinds of work on hand, one being the making of scrap-books containing pictures, jokes and interesting items of news, which it is hoped will help to cheer sufferers in the hospitals. Contributions for these books would be gratefully received.

At a recent meeting an interesting talk was given to the workers by Mr. J. B. Ritchie, one of the medical students who has just returned. He told about the great benefit of the Red Cross on the field, giving some first-hand information

accompanied by the exhibition of pictures and war relics obtained during his work at the front.

University Women's Association

Several weeks ago members of the W.W.A. were entertained at a vocational tea held at the home of Miss Thomson, East Gate. Here Miss Haig (Alison Craig) spoke on journalism to an interested audience. She mentioned various requirements necessary for a successful career in this line, spoke of the benefits of a University education as a preparation for newspaper work, and presented both the difficulties—such as long, irregular hours of work—as well as the interesting features of this life.

Basket Ball News

Second Year Arts basket ball team is having a splendid vacation and rest, while waiting for the appearance of the Third and Fourth Year team, which team was sadly beaten by the invincible First Years. These abominable, detestable First Years, have conquered all their enemies, e.g., Second Year. There are, however, two teams of these Freshies. One is easily beaten, the other never. The teams are lettered A B C D. The Freshies being A and B, Sophomores C, and the Junior and Seniors D. The terrible, tearless team is A. It never has been beaten, but probably some day soon will meet its fate. Enough. There will be a 'Varsity team to play against Agricultural, Wesley, etc., but it will not play the high schools as it has done in the past.

H.A.'18

A "Sixteen" Snowshoe Tramp

On February 12th the ladies of Wesley Fourth Year entertained those of 'Varsity and St. John's Fourth Year. The party spent a merry afternoon snowshoeing, a number of amusing snapshots being taken en route. Refreshments were served at the Wesley Ladies' Residence, followed by an inspection of the various comfortable rooms of the hostesses, thus bringing to a close a pleasant afternoon.

This gathering represented the reunion of former class-mates of last year. Such social intercourse between the members of the various Colleges might well be increased, for we should not omit any opportunity of becoming acquainted with our fellow undergraduates.

Y. W. Notes

The first meeting of the Y.W. in the New Year took place on Thursday, January 27th. Rev. Dr. Myers from Toronto, the speaker for the afternoon, gave an up-to-date address on "The University Girl as a Citizen." His point was that the College girl exerts a wide influence in after life—hence must develop the powers of leadership and efficiency, and thus be prepared to fill her place, and do her duty in the larger field of the world's work.

Mrs. Myers delighted the audience by singing twice, accompanying herself on the guitar.

On February 3rd, the Y.W.C.A. girls were addressed by Miss Goldie, the superintendent of the

Robertson Memorial Institute, on Social Service work. Her interesting outline of the week's routine of work at the mission was greatly appreciated by all those present.

A reading by Miss Hazel Coleman ended the programme.

On Friday, February 4th, Mrs. Billings entertained the Y.W. Cabinet at tea. The chief subject under discussion was the advisability of discontinuing the present arrangement, and separating the University Y.W.C.A. into two—one for each College—Varsity and Wesley respectively. But the afternoon was too pleasant and the tea too tempting to greatly enter into debate on this difficult question, and no definite decision was reached.

The University Sermon for the month was given on February 6th, by the Rev. Lovell Murray—the educational secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. After the service he lunched with the Y.W.C.A. girls in their dining room.

In the afternoon he met many of the girls and discussed plans for mission study. Instead of holding the usual classes, it was decided to have Dr. Patterson, of St. Stephen's Church, give a series of five lectures on mission work, the dates of which will be announced later.

PITTSBURGH

Unum Squintum

By J. Frank Leslie

You all know Pittsburgh. Some by sight, others from hearsay, and all by reputation. It has had a shady reputation. Here's where we lift the shades.

How many times have you sat through that pathetic scene where Gest and Gust come before the "drop" and, after torturing harmony with, "In the Valley Where the Gay Gayunkums Goop," start on this stuff.

Gest—"Where did you come from?"

Gust—"I came clean from Pittsburgh."

Gest—"It can't be done."

(We'll thank the printer for a row of dots there).

When the audience roared with glee at this witty sally that kept the comedians on the circuit? How many? No, I don't think you can count them. The newspapers (of other cities of course) pseudo-humorously refer to its cinder pathways and sooty streets. Pittsburgh, the merest mention of it, was always good for a conventional spasm of mirth until Henry Ford came along and monopolized the joke field.

There is not much doubt that the city was once the stamping grounds for active and wild-eyed smoke fiends. Now, however, since many very stringy and stringent laws have been forgotten, this evil has diminished; and many residents hope, some day, to have the place known as the City of Palm Beach Suits. Such a hope!

But there still occasionally exists a dusty haze 'twixt earth and sky, that sprinkles on the passer-by. (It's alright; our poet's license doesn't run out for another six weeks). This smoke comes partly from steel mills; the rest is from many redolent stogies.

It is hard to keep steel mills absolutely smokeless. If you've ever tried to run one, you will know the difficulty.

All understanding is passed and surpassed in reasoning why Pittsburghers smoke so many stogies. We don't see why anybody ever smokes anyway, anyhow, or anything; but stogies stump, as well as nauseate us. There may be a certain amount of civic loyalty to the practice, as it is said that one never "knows the ropes" in Pittsburgh until he smokes them.

When we (editorially speaking, with due apologies to the editor) promulgated our intention of going (or coming) to Pittsburgh, many were they who shed sympathy, both vocal and liquid, on our behalf and manly bosom, and said, "Good-bye, forever!" just as though we were going to war, or to keep an engagement with our undertaker. We now pity their ignorance and strive to play the spotlight of truth on their dark fears.

Pittsburgh is a great city; good looking and natured, with a fine heart, steady pulse and impulse, and the ability to emerge from any emergency. New York, Boston, or Chicago isn't in it (there's not room for any of them), and the place is almost as live-in-able as Winnipeg. It sleeps in a pretty good, or pretty and good, state—namely, Pennsylvania—in which it is likely to stay for some time.

The surrounding country went to so much trouble accommodating all the coal mines, oil springs, and other natural resources, that it became all dimpled, hilled and valleyed. This made city growing far from easy. It was finally done by twining the urban branches around the pimples of earth and hanging the outskirts on the hillsides, where the wind can blow the dust out of them.

As a centre of industry it is well centred and heavily industried. It's skyscrapers tickle the clouds, the official buildings offish in an approved manner, and its department stores, compared to those in Winnipeg, look like Eaton's or the Hudson's Bay Co.'s, compared with similar establishments in Pittsburgh. (Truth, noble truth!)

The reputation aforementioned, like all reputations, has done much to hide the city's beauties and advantages from the supercilious optic of outside opinion. Really, Clarence, this is a doggoned shame! (We never get closer to profanity than that). The place has splendid parks, bully-yards, and rah! rah! institutes. Don't tell me that you never heard of the Carnegie Institute of Technology or the University of Pittsburgh! I daresay you haven't, but don't tell me about it; I'd be ashamed of your ignorance. It'd be as bad as a Pittsburgh-ist, —it, or —onian saying University of Manitoba?—Oh yes, that's out in Idaho somewhere!"

The city claims to have historic associations. There's not much sense in staking out a claim like that. It's overworked, and there's nothing in it.

The waist line of Pittsburgh, just a little ways from the heart, is caressed by the winding arms of three rivers, the Allegheny, the Monongahela and the Ohio. These run as little in synchronism with their names as that old mud ditch called the Red River.

Before letting up the stranglehold this article has on your interest, we wish to mention a problem that faces the city. It is "Should the name be spelt 'Pittsburgh' or 'Pittsburg'?" Both are used and apparently give satisfaction. But the American tendency has been to shorten words, therefore, we'd expect the exclusive use of "Pittsburg." On the other hand, the dropping of

"aitches" is an English habit, and one might think it would meet with disfavor. Now then, considering these facts, what conclusion do we arrive at? Answer—None. If you can solve it, send your answer to—oh, I don't care where you send it!

SPEAKERS I ABOMINATE

"Invest me in my motley; give me leave to speak my mind"

For many years I have wanted to speak my mind about speakers who have tortured me, causing me to writhe and wriggle as they poured forth infecund, stale, and unprofitable, ideas, in ways diverse, but all equally infelicitous. I feel that the time has come; I must get rid of my spleen.

Most of all speakers I abominate the monotonous speaker—he who never varies inflection or tempo. A good example of what I mean is the preacher who orates from Alpha to Omega. He enunciates with equal emphasis and equal intensity the most beautiful thought—"God is love,"—and the most commonplace observation such as—"Noah got up at six o'clock in the morning and had breakfast, after which he sent forth a dove." There is not a single nuance in his speech—he starts at full pressure and continues on the same high plane throughout. His only recourse, when he desires to vary the monotony, is to shout a little louder. I listened to an orator of this ilk a short time ago. His eloquence was most pervasive, but it was remarkable how thin his discourse was when one went back of his manner to his matter. It was thin as boarding-house soup. One of his pronouncements was: "He was not far from the Kingdom of God because he was a Jew." If, however, he had been a Scotchman he would have been even more *close*. Another: "There is a great difference between the dead and the living." Profound thought. But, surely R. L. Stevenson's epigram is more clever: "It is better to be a fool than to be dead." I believe it is true, but will not print the moral here.

Is there a more boresome person than one who enunciates with equal unction the sublime and the ridiculous—unless it is one who talks through his nose. False oratory is a poor cloak indeed for a "scraggy exiguousness" of spiritual outlook, which being interpreted means "brains."

Then there is the speaker who is as commonplace as catarrh or Ralph Connor, and as limited in his range of ideas as the edge of a knife or William Jennings Bryan, and is as full of wise saws as a boiled owl. You can always tell what he is going to say next, but he goes blithely and unconsciously on his way and announces with the air of one having made a portentous discovery—"Canada is loyal," or "Woodrow Wilson is a poltroon." He will say without fear of contradiction that half a loaf is better than no bread. He will repudiate the suggestion, challenge his opponent and appeal to the intelligence of his hearers, etc. Every phrase as hackneyed as the program of the village band. Like the village band, too, when he has finished he starts all over again. He has yet to learn the wisdom of the advice, "When you have nothing to say, say it!"

Not quite so trying but bad enough are those speakers who may have something to say but have such a painful time trying to say it. They spit

out a round dozen-er, -er, -er's trying to find an adjective and then label the Kaiser cruel instead of ghoulish. They stumble over the most obvious obstacles and are as halting and unready as Mr. Ready-to-Halt. The poor dears are usually very sincere, but, as Oscar Wilde says, a little sincerity is a dangerous thing, but a great deal of it is absolutely fatal.

Let us examine the Heaven-born orator. Him I detest. He talks in pimples, as Byron put it. His words flow forth in a flood of windy rododromade—plenty of sound and little sense. He is ready to talk on any subject at a moment's notice. Foreign missions or "The Origin of the Bunny-Hug," it is all one to him. He has a certain superficial cleverness. But, like the stony ground in the parable, he has not much depth.

Another pest among speakers is the facial contortionist. One I know has such a prehensile pair of lips that I live in constant terror lest he may suck an ear off a student in the front row or swallow entirely his own nose. There are numerous other speakers who, in one way or another, are abominations. The speaker who has a reputation for being funny is when he is off color a very tiresome bore.

And I do not like the self-complacent speaker who seems to pat his own back and invite his audience to admire his cleverness. Space forbids my giving attention to any more of these gentry.

The finest address I have heard was delivered by Lord Rosebery. How quiet he was in manner, how simple, pointed and brief in what he said, and yet how subtle and allusive and faultless his phrasing. How easily he moved us (his hearers) almost at will. This he was able to do because nature had given him a wonderful voice, and he had been at pains to train it with as great assiduity as any prima donna. He did not shout. We in Canada are too apt to think the American University President plus Central Congregational Church style of fluent romping and roaring is oratory. That conception of oratory is another product of German kultur as imitated in America. It is certainly "efficient." It "gets across," as they say in the miserable diction of that benighted United States. But oratory is an art,—one that requires study; it demands the perfect co-ordination of sound and sense, of manner and matter. The matter must be worth while and the manner appropriate. True oratory is only possible to the really cultured (spelt with a *c*) man—the man who is widely and well read, whose brain has not congealed into set formulae, but is open as the heath to every breeze of vivifying thought that blows.

A.M.

THE ENGINEER

"It is the engineer who harnesses the Niagaras of the world to transform the night of our cities into noonday and to turn the wheels of commerce. It is the engineer who develops the mining and furnishes the metal with which he builds machines that by their ingenuity compels us to stand in awe and admiration. It is the engineer who produces the steel to form a network of highways over our continents and that make possible the myriads of floating palaces on our oceans. It is the engineer who has abolished famine and pestilence. It is the engineer who has annihilated dis-

tance with his telegraph and telephone. It is the engineer who has made possible the conquest of the air. It is the engineer who places in the hand of the president of a nation the power whereby he is able with a touch to remove from a point thousands of miles away a barrier of nature separating two oceans. It is the engineer who furnishes the worker in the golden west with the machines whereby millions of bushels of wheat are each year made ready to enter the hopper that the engineer has constructed. It is the engineer who has made Canada of to-day what she is."

W. J. Francis, C.E., in the Canadian Engineer.

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by;
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

W. M. Letts, in the Westminster Gazette

EXTRACTS FROM THE CYCLOPAEDIA OF WORLD LITERATURE PUBLISHED A.D. 3000 BY THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS: PRICE, TWO DAYS' LABOR BONDS

Wordsworth—English poet. A contemporary was correct who dubbed him "a small genuine man," if he was not more apt who named him "The Beadle of Parnassus."

Swinburne—English poet. An amorist.

Tennyson—English minor poet. Syrupy!

Mrs. Humphrey Ward—English novelist. "Pompous pretension and solemn silliness."

France—Pen name of Jacques Anatole Thibault, French writer, satirist and critic. Some of his work has merit as reflecting the faintly enlightened views of an observer living in barbarous times.

Suderman—German novelist and dramatist. A charlatan; a fifth-rater. Considered in his own time by his fellow countrymen a second Ibsen. No: Ja: They were notoriously bad guessers.

Sir Gilbert Parker—Canadian novelist. Considered the leading literary man of Canada in those benighted days before the Great War. Poor Canada!

George Meredith—English novelist and poet. Take him for all in all there is no greater figure in English literature of before the Great War except Shakespeare.

Samuel Butler—English man of letters. His satire of the Victorian Era in "Erewhon" is masterly. His novel "The Way of All Flesh," holds its own with "Tom Jones" and "Vanity Fair."

Winston Churchill—American novelist. Favorite mental pabulum of the Americans of the early twentieth century. Pap! not to say Quaker Oats.

FROM THE GOLDEN BOOKS

"The attention of prospective students is called particularly to the regulations regarding time of registration on page 68 and regarding payment of fees on pages 81-82."

"Our best half-back has water on the knee."
"Why doesn't he wear pumps?"

Mug—"Won ten bucks at poker last night."
Percy (surprised)—"Honestly?"
Mug—"Now, don't ask any foolish questions."

Judge—"Where did the automobile hit you?"
Rastus—"Well, Judge, if I had been carrying a license numbah, it would just nacherally hab busted in a thousand pieces, Yassah!"

If you are well suited your chimney may need cleaning.

It is hot work, being held in high esteem.

The High Cost of Loving is the cause of many a marriage and the High Cost of Living the instigator of divorces.

THE LATEST RAG SONG

Add name and noise to suit taste. Written by an amputated member of Pin Pan Alley.

First Verse—

Oh kid! Oh, joy! Oh, pop!
Come and give your toe a flop,
Come and toss your hoof awhile,
Waddle like a crocodile.
Pump-ump-toodle-oodle-ump!
Rumpty-umpty-humpty-mumty-bump!

Chorus:

Oh, the tangled tango and the trotted trot,
The Flippy Flopper and I-dont'-know-what,
The Kitchen Sink and the Washdish too,
The Cooked Potato and the Giblet Stew;
The Bunny Hug and the Chaplin Glide
The Pickford Pickle and Costello Slide
And every twist that's on the go
We'll wind and hop till we bust a toe.

Second Verse:

One verse is sufficient.



The hockey season, which opened with the chances 2 to 1 in favor of the fast Engineers, has seen many surprises. The bridge builders felt confident that after securing a 15-4 score against medicals, who had played 'Varsity to the tune of 10-4, that their chances for top place were good.

Their hope was further stimulated when St. John's, their most dangerous rivals, suffered defeat at the hands of the "meds." Imagine their surprise when the bell rang with the Saints one point up in the first clash of the two leading teams.

These are not the only surprises, however. 'Varsity defeats Wesley in a game notorious for its mishaps, while Wesley humiliates "Meds" by a 5-4 score and holds the Engineers down to 5-2 in favor of the latter.

* * *

An encouraging feature of the games is the notable improvement seen in all quarters. Some of the teams that began weakly are showing good form.

Wesley's team is steadily improving while Medicals and St. John's are exhibiting much better form.

On the whole, the brand of hockey has been very creditable and it is certain that the second series has many exhibitions of clever puck handling in store.

We would urge that more regular and enthusiastic support be given the teams. Good hockey is being played, but the lack of rooters is, in many cases, lamentable.

Be a recruiting agent for team supporters.

The senior scores are as follows:

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
Engineers	4	3	1 0
St. Johns	4	3	1 0
Medicals	4	2	2 0
Varsity	4	1	3 0
Wesley	4	1	3 0

In the Junior series the same uncertainty as to results exists as in the Senior. Some of the games have been good exhibitions of hockey, but on the whole, it may be said that more consistent practice is necessary.

The honors will no doubt fall among St. Boniface, Schools and Engineers.

* * *

Senior Hockey Schedule

Feb. 23—'Varsity vs. Engineers.
 Feb. 26—'Varsity vs. Wesley.
 Mar. 1—St. John's vs. Engineers.
 Mar. *—St. John's vs. 'Varsity.
 Mar. 8—Wesley vs. Medicals.
 Mar. 11—Engineers vs. Wesley.
 Mar. 15—St. John's vs. Medicals.

The basketball series is nearing a close, but owing to postponed games it is difficult to predict results.

The scores, with the exception of the Wesley Agricultural game which resulted in a one point win for Wesley, have been one-sided.

Engineers piled up a 33-17 score against Wesley in the opening game, and a 30-12 against Medicals.

We regret that 'Varsity found it necessary to withdraw from the series.

All games are played at the Vaughan Street Y.M.C.A. and the players would appreciate more support than they are getting. Consult your schedule.

The scores stand as follows:

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
Engineers	2	2	0 0
Medicals	2	1	1 0
Wesley	2	1	1 0
Agricultural	1	0	1 0

'Varsity has defaulted to Agriculturals and Engineers, and while Agricultural and "Meds" have postponed games to play with Engineers and Wesley respectively.

* Date for this game to be decided later.

Intercollegiate Hockey Games

as per Schedule
are played on Wednes-
days and Saturdays at
the Auditorium Rink.

AMPHITHEATRE

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WHAT'S ON
WEEK
FEBRUARY
21st to 26th

MONDAY—Skating.
 TUESDAY—Intermed. Hockey.
 WEDNESDAY—Skating. Kelvin
 School and University Night.
 THURSDAY—Senior Hockey—
 Soldiers vs. 61st.
 FRIDAY—Skating.
 SATURDAY AFTERNOON—
 Skating, 12 Bands.
 SATURDAY EVENING—
 Skating, 18 Bands.

"THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

The annual play of the University of Manitoba Dramatic Society is this year attracting quite an unusual amount of attention. The great success of last year's play has led students and public alike to look forward to this as probably the most notable event of the year in University undertakings. It is safe to say that no other University on the continent has in so few years achieved greater dramatic success, or presented two better plays than that of last year and of this.

"The Admirable Crichton" is a splendid example of Sir James Barrie's great dramatic ability, and has done much to place his name in the front rank of living dramatists. Its excellent characters and its wonderfully contrasted scenes, together with its whimsical and yet realistic situations, give it great power and beauty as a stage play. Those who have seen "Peter Pan" and "The Little Minister" will have an opportunity to see a Barrie play of another type, but of equally great interest. As the play has not been published, the admirers of Sir James will have their first chance to see this splendid realistic drama. Its great success in London is evidence of its great acting qualities.

Under the able and careful coaching of Mrs. C. P. Walker the rehearsals are proceeding enthusiastically, and there is every hope that the players will live up to the reputation gained for the society by "The Bankrupt." Several of the most successful of the cast of last year will be seen again this year, together with some who have won fame for themselves in other plays.

The society is this year undertaking to put the play on for three nights at the Winnipeg Theatre, and is again favored with the distinguished patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Cameron, the Premier, Hon. T. C. Norris, and other members of the Government will also honor the performance with their presence. Thursday will be "University Night" when it is expected that the theatre will be packed by the students and their friends. All the Colleges have signified their intention to reserve sections of the house.

The proceeds, above expenses, will all be donated to various patriotic funds. Thursday, February 24th, the proceeds will be given to the University Red Cross; Friday, the 25th, to the Army and Navy Veterans in Canada; and Saturday the 26th, to the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Northwest Field Force, '81 Rebellion Veterans.

The following is a cast of the characters:

Lady Mary Lasenby.....	Goldie Finesilver
Tweeny.....	Helen Murdoch
Lady Agatha Lasenby.....	Dorothy Colcleugh
Lady Catherine Lasenby.....	Merle Norsworthy
Lady Brocklehurst.....	Mabel Jones-Smith
Crichton.....	Leo Reardon
Lord Loam.....	Athol Gordon
Ernest Woolley.....	Harold Pilling
Lord Brocklehurst.....	Graeme Norman
Mr. Treherne.....	Charles Swinford
Servants.	

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CAMPUS NOTES

U.M.S.A. NOTES

One of the essential requirements to gain a vigorous and healthy student body spirit is to have a journal of some kind. This need has brought forth a lively discussion amongst the students of the new University of Manitoba Students' Association. Fortunately this will likely be solved in the near future.

We have been informed by one of the members of *The Manitoban* staff that the following are fairly accurate figures of the subscriptions to this greater University paper:

U.M.S.A. subscriptions—	
University Engineers.....	15
University Pharmacy.....	8
University Arts.....	209
	232
Affiliated Colleges—	
Medical.....	39
Wesley.....	9
St. John's.....	10
	58

Manitoba Theology and outside subscriptions total between 100 and 200 subscriptions.

From this, it is clear that the students of the new organization are the backbone of the University paper. In view of this fact we are informed that *The Manitoban* staff is in favor of changing the policy of the paper. They feel that, because of the preponderance of our subscribers, we are entitled to a greater control of the journal. They frankly admit that, should we withdraw our support, a greater University paper could not be continued. The other student bodies are not supporting the paper heartily, perhaps for the reason that some have mediums of their own. We also gathered from this member of the staff that at present no student body or bodies really take it upon themselves to support *The Manitoban* wholeheartedly, because each one feels that it belongs to them only in part, and thus the interest lags. The paper has almost become a one-man paper for the simple reason that upon the Editor devolves the whole responsibility and burden of turning out a paper to indifferent and only slightly connected student bodies. Thus, in order to guarantee the publishing of a University paper, a motion may be brought up at the next meeting to turn over the major control of the journal to the student body which directly supports the University. The U.M.S.A. will therefore elect the main officers of the staff, while the other student bodies can elect their own representative.

This is, in no wise, a deviation from the principal purpose of the paper of being a greater University medium. It is more for the purpose of getting a guarantee and surety for its continuance. In this way the largest supporters will feel it incumbent upon them to put their whole energy and spirit behind it. This, however, does not shut out the students of the affiliated Colleges, because, if the old method of electing officers continues,

(in which subscribers only have votes) then the preponderance of those from the U.M.S.A. would not always ensure any direct representation from affiliated Colleges with a small number of qualified voters.

Accordingly *The Manitoban* will still aim and be a greater University paper, but with a more solid foundation, because of the ensured support of at least the greater part (about four-fifths) of the student subscribers.

ENGINEERING NOTES

A Conversation After Physics

Bill—Watt (what) would the dyne (dying) centimeters do with their joules (jewels)?

Mac—Re-volt.

UNIVERSITY ARTS

News from the Front

The soldiers of University Arts who are on active service abroad were remembered by the students during the Christmas season. A hamper containing various articles was forwarded to each; and, in this way, the best wishes of the students were extended to our boys in khaki either in England or on the Continent. During the past week letters have been received from four of our lieutenants; and all four wish the students a very successful year.

The following are extracts from some of the letters:

"It was very pleasant indeed, a few days ago, to receive a parcel from the students of Manitoba University. It is extraordinary how much more one feels like fighting when one is well-fed. War is rather hard on the ascetic, I suppose. It was less the things in the parcel than the fact that the students had thought of sending it, that gave pleasure.

"At the present moment I am sitting in my 'mess-room'—sleeping-room too, for that matter—looking out through the open window onto the sort of country that reminds one of the Lake of the Woods, save that there are no rocks, and the scale is much smaller. I am on the edge of a village 'somewhere,' and away to the right and left and behind, the guns are barking night and day, my own included. My battery commander was wounded a few nights ago, and is gone away, so I have been, and am, quite busy. For the last few nights I have been sleeping down here, though I go up to the guns to dive in the dug-out there. Then, I stroll back before midnight, trying to choose a time when the road I come by is not shelled. I just got by between the heavy shellings two nights ago. I saw the pock-marked banks and broken trees and hurried on with my ears pricked for the sound of a shell, ready to fall flat in the mud. But I got past and into my dugout before the concert recommenced. Tomorrow I expect to spend up at the guns, and the day after, forward in the trenches observing our fire, picking out things to fire at, and so on. It is very interesting work; but, of course, it has its discomforts, when the enemy try to snipe you or you are heavily shelled. The mud, of course, we share with the infantry.

"But I must go back to my wagon lines. All fond wishes from the front.

"Yours,

"Jan. 19, 1916. 2nd Lieut. R. Fenley."

* *

"I wish to thank the students of the University for the parcel sent me at Xmas. Lieut. Creighton and I will carry memem-

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tos of old 'Varsity of a very material kind, to the trenches. We expect to go to the First Canadian Division, 3rd Brigade, Canadian Scottish, about the end of February. Thanking all my old friends around the 'U' for their kindness, I am,

"Yours ever truly,

"Lieut. D. J. Allan."

"Jan. 18, 1916."

* *

"I was more than pleased to receive the box from the student body at Xmas. It is fine to think that one is not altogether forgotten by the student body. Please convey my heartiest thanks to all of the students, even though I know only about half of them.

"Sincerely,

"Jan. 15, 1916. Lieut. P. G. DuVal."

* *

"Just a short note to thank the 'Varsity students who were so kind as to send me such a delightful parcel of cigarettes, eatables, etc. You may rest assured that they were welcome beyond words. Kindly bear to all the boys and girls my kindest regards, and express to them my thanks for all their kindness.

"Wishing you all the best of success during the coming year, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"Jan. 18, 1916. Lieut. M. K. DuVal."

* *

Lieut. R. Flenley is with the Royal Field Artillery, "Somewhere in France," and has been in action, now, for about two months. Lieut. David J. Allan is with the 43rd Camerons, at East Sandling Camp, Kent. The DuVal brothers have been fortunate in securing commissions in the same battalion of the London Rifles. Merlin has already seen active service, and returned to England to take his commission. Paul has not yet been in action at the front but has been transferred from the cavalry, with which he at first enlisted.

W.T.S., '16.

On Friday, February 11th, the old rival student bodies, Wesley and 'Varsity, met in an Intercollegiate debate. Although it was the first appearance of the men in both teams in an intercollegiate contest, the general consensus of opinion is that this was the most interesting and most hotly contested debate in the University this year. The spirit of friendly, though keen, rivalry greeted the 'Varsity supporters in the Wesley Convocational Hall, perhaps a great deal owing to the fact that both Mr. Halliday and Mr. Popp, who were formerly Wesley men, were meeting their former classmates under different colors. The debate was on "Commission Form of Civic Government." The decision went to Wesley.

The evening of January 21st marked the opening of social activities in 'Varsity Arts for the second term. The students met in the waiting room of the Hargrave toboggan slide at 8 o'clock. After a goodly number had arrived, they spent the first part of the evening tobogganing and climbing. This enjoyable sport lasted

until 10.30 o'clock. At this juncture of the program the party sought their way individually or in groups to the Sherbrooke Building. Here, after all the participants had gathered themselves together, they met in room 21. It having been decided beforehand to auction the 'eats,' Bill Tobias, the very able auctioneer, mounted the platform and began to auction his wares. Mr. Herbert Tobias was the first to bite. He was soaked two-bits for a couple of samples of "Force." Next came Mr. Dug Rosen who also paid a large sum for a small parcel. The bidding was lively, and the boxes, daintily adorned by the girls, were sold anywhere from ten cents to one dollar. The sale over, the proceeds amounting to \$15, were handed over to the 'Varsity Red Cross Fund. Coffee was served and those without boxes were allowed to enjoy the contents of those bought by their friends. As it was drawing nigh the bewitching hour, Mr. "Bill" Tobias made a speech, introducing the newly elected president of the U.M.S.A., in the person of Mr. "Bill" Straith, and his successor as Senior Rep. of 'Varsity College, Mr. Rhodes Smith. The remarks of these gentlemen were short, but encouraging. The hour for departure arrived and Mr. "Bill" Tobias called on Mr. Dug Rosen to lead in the singing of the National Anthem. Everybody, quite satisfied with the enjoyable evening they had spent, departed for their respective homes.

G.W.D., '19.

'VARSITY NOTES

'16 Class Notes

Lovers of good hockey missed a treat when they failed to see the hair-raising exhibition of the national game, given by the Gents and Dubs of the '16 Class at the Winnipeg rink on Wednesday, February 3rd, at 12.33 sharp. The Dubs obtained a six-goal lead before they even stepped on the ice, an unheard of accomplishment in the annals of the game. Both teams were very evenly matched with the exception of the Gents, which team was *slightly* stronger than their fair opponents. At half-time the score was 6-6 in favor of the Dubs, but it only took a few minutes in the second half to show which team had the players, and which was better suited to play marbles. The game ended with the Gents going strong having piled up the enormous score of 15-7 (6 donated out of the 7). For the losers "Oatman" Straith in goal was slightly off color, missing several good chances to pull the puck into the goal, while "Watch-your-step" Tobias was never seen to better advantage in arguing over off-sides, etc. Referee "Kilts" McDonald lined the teams up as follows:

Dubs—"Oatman" Straith, "Watch-your-step" Tobias, "Whirlwind" Black, "Non-skid" Vineberg, "Never-score" Ferguson, "Slippery" Moir, "The Late Mr." Annes. Gents—"Irving" Cummings, "Cutey" McMillan, "Gert" Rosen, "The Other" Tobias, "Wylard Archibald" Wessels, "Elsie" Johnston, "Algernon R. S. V. P." Smith.

Goal-tender's record—Goals stopped by "Oatman" Straith, 0; by Irving Cummings 0. Total, 2.

On Wednesday night last the ladies of the '16 Class took advantage of this one year in four and entertained the boys of the class to a toboggan party. After tobogganing for about two hours the bunch retired to the Deaf and Dumb Building to indulge in a lunch prepared (exclusively)

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by the boys. All voted that the lunch was excellent, with the exception of the coffee, but this was excusable as the party was assured that it was Mr. Ferguson's first offence. A most enjoyable evening was concluded by singing "God Save the King" followed by a hearty "Honka Donka."

Prof. Crawford, in English class (suffering from a bad cold)—"My head to me seems hollow." The '16s consider this a very rash statement on Prof. Crawford's part.

Prof. A. B. Clarke, to Vineberg in policon class—"Now, Vineberg, don't sit there grinning like a transformed ape, you look enough like one without grinning." As the beau brummel of the '16 Class, Mr. Vineberg resented Prof. Clarke's touching tribute to his looks.

Owing to some talk concerning the recent Gent-Dub hockey game, the captain of the Gent team wishes, through the columns of this paper, to publicly challenge the Dub team to another game; this time spotting them 10 goals to show that no hard feeling exists.

There will be no joke on Bill Straith in this issue of *The Manitoban*.

The Manitoban wishes to remind Mr. V. Tobias that he has still in his possession a blue and white sweater belonging to the College. It may be added, for his convenience, that the sweater can be left at room 23 at any time of the day.

Bill Straith, Wy Wessels, Herb Ferguson, Rhod Smith and Herb Tobias have just written a new song entitled, "Columbia Forever." The new song will be sung for the first time in the theatre bearing that name.

Ferg is sure in hard luck—he can't even go out with his "sister" without freezing his feet, while Dougald Rosen had the fortune to escape from the freezing wiles of the sweet dame.

'17 Class Notes

The '17s have certainly not been letting the grass grow under their feet in the past month, as is shown by the three class functions which they have held since *The Manitoban* last went to press.

First came the Leap Year tobogganing party. The girls "came through" in great style and a goodly number turned out. The party congregated at the Sherbrooke Street Building and then left for the Arlington slides. After two good hours tobogganing, during which time the usual number of ears were frozen, colds contracted, and bruises administered, the party returned to the Institute for refreshments. Then, after a very enjoyable time was spent by the boys in washing the dishes, etc., the party broke up.

The next event was the snowshoe tramp held by the Outdoor Club on Saturday, January 22nd. A fine crowd turned out, and, after an extremely enjoyable tramp (there being no moon), the party returned to "feed up." After a pleasant social half hour or so the party disbanded, everyone regarding this, the first meeting

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of the Outdoor Club, as a very decided success and all are looking forward expectantly to the next meeting of the club.

The last meeting, as announced by the posters, was a grand re-union party of the '17 Class. But, as it hadn't happened, before the time of writing of this article the class editor decided to forego the pleasure of drawing on his imagination (which, by the way, is the undoubted birthright of every newspaper reporter), and so an announcement was not made to describe it.

Mr. Muller (*entering French class, seeing that the Wesley students taking this course have not yet arrived*)—"I hope that the descendants of these students will not be like" (seeking to describe their migratory propensities) "for good Scotland's sake! What is the word I want?" Anderson—Hoboes.

Mr. MacDonald (*lecturing on history*)—Henry VII was a perfect son, a perfect husband and a perfect father (pensively). I am afraid very few of us come under that category.

Place: Manitoba College, '17 Class table. (Dinner bell rings; enter everybody in great haste). Fowler—D—n it! If I haven't slept in and missed a big dinner at my uncle's.

(Wright seizes soup ladle and proceeds to scoop up all the vegetables from the bottom of the soup—great storm of disapproval).

Gibb—Oh yes, take all the vegetables! Tucker—Leave a few for me, please, Tom.

(Everyone gets a plate of soup and hurriedly begins to swallow it.)

Fowler (burning mouth)—Ouch! pass the water quick!

Gibb (in a whisper to Goodwin)—Get a hold of the potato dish before Tucker gets it.

(Tucker seeing the contemplated coup wildly clutches the potato dish.)

Gibb (angrily)—Why didn't you get it? Now we won't get any potatoes at all!

(Everyone makes remarks on the amount of potatoes each one then takes.) (After the third course is safely stowed away)—

Goodwin—It's my turn for another piece of pie today.

(Many protests from other members, each one endeavoring to prove to the maid that he should be the favored one. Finally after all is disposed of, this attitude of great alertness and energy passes and all pass out heavily and sleepily to yawn and stretch themselves to sleep in the political economy lecture which follows.)

Overheard in the Corridor

Mabel—What do you know about it! John G. was at the rink last night and had two.

Alice—Had two what?—bands?

Mabel—Why Alice! how could you say such a thing about such a nice fellow like John.

'18 Class Party

It takes more than a snowstorm to put a damper on the '18 Class, and though Thursday evening brought a small-sized blizzard, a gay and enthusiastic party of Sophomores gathered at the Sherbrooke Street Building, ready for an evening's fun. A toboggan party had been planned, but the crowd thought skating held superior attractions, and so adjourned two blocks east to the Winnipeg rink. Here a happy evening was spent, as everyone was in high spirits and the ice fine.

The party then returned to the Insti-

tute. The guests were received by Judge Maybank, assisted by Mr. Toole. Dainty refreshments were served to appreciative guests, Mr. Gunn pouring tea, assisted by Mr. Staples. Messrs. Kennedy and Robinson carved the beans, the former remarking that they equalled the best he has ever absorbed at the Boston Beanery. Mr. Sapper cut the ices, assisted by Messrs. Corrigan and Norman.

The assemblage was rendered brilliant by the many exquisite toilettes of the gentlemen present.

Among others were noticed Homer, in a pair of striped socks, surmounted by the cunningest pair of riding breeches, Judge May, in a warm sweater and lace boots; Gordon Gunn, in a white collar and moccasins, and Joe Toole, in meringue-phiffle overlaid with a net of rich ceteris paribus. Kenny wore a new necktie, and Brotie a pair of cuff-links, while Joe Berner was attired in his usual air of modesty. Harry Sapper, Lawrence Staples, Bob Knight and Mr. Corrigan also all wore something or other, while Graeme Norman, who is now completing his education at Eaton's, attended in a fur coat and his usual peaceful frame of mind. Lieut. Henderson and Sergt. Gordon were also welcomed with great pleasure.

Prof J—y—fe was to have been present as chaperon, but was detained late at the Orpheum. His absence was greatly regretted.

The party wound up with great eclat, so much so, in fact, that a man detained next door thought the noise anything but fitting to a detention home, and complained about his restlessness from sleep. The '18 Class doesn't believe in sleep. It is rumored that the girls are going to give a classy leap year party soon. Oh! We do hope we are asked!

Sighs from the Sophomores

Are 'Varsity Girls good hockey players?

On one of the thrilling occasions when the 'Varsity girls practised hockey, a small boy was heard to remark: "Is them the telephone girls?" Even when told that they were not, he continued to watch the game.

Things we would like to know:

If Frank McGuire's tailor's bill has increased very much.

When Dr. Wilson is going to take a day off and write some new textbooks.

If "Maggie" will ever become a docile door-mat?

What Dr. Arnes keeps in his pockets.

Where M. Muller was the morning of the deep snow.

What has become of the yell at the Friday morning meets.

What did they mean?—

Dr. Wilson—We have the same attitude with reference to cats and dogs that we have with reference to one another. We?

Dr. Crawford—The mother of Cole-ridge was very dull, in fact, an ordinary woman.

Prof. A. B. Clarke—It would facilitate progress if you would kindly adhere to the chair you first select upon entering the room. (Why didn't he call it "the idea emporium," or some such?)

Prof. Parker—The diamond is the rarest form of carbon—at least, in my experience. It is used for decorating human beings—a very barbarous practice.

M. Muller (noticing small number present in Second Year French class)—Ah, small enlistment today, and I have

*Wouldn't your friends
like a picture?*

*There's a Photographer
in your town—*

Robson

490 MAIN ST.
WINNIPEG

not my list. Those who are not present must tell me now why not. (We always thought that there was a bond of union between Gaul and Hibernian!)

'19 'Varsity Notes

A large number of the '19 Class attended the Agricultural College on Thursday night with the other University students. An exciting time was experienced in getting there and a snow tie-up of the service added eclat to the occasion. A splendid evening was enjoyed at the College, both from the excellent program that was provided and the ampleness of the refreshments. Very few of the First Year students, however, were in time for the former and the latter was almost missed by a large number who were engaged in making a detailed inspection of some pig-pens and chicken-coops. The M.A.C. was left at about 11 o'clock, and a record run homeward was made; so less home work was undone than might otherwise have been the case.

At the time of going to press the '19 Class purposes holding a snowshoe tramp on Saturday evening. The gathering is to take the form of a Leap Year party, and already the larger part of the masculine element of the class are invited guests. Little is yet known of the details, but there will doubtless be a good attendance and we have no doubt that a most pleasant time will be spent.

Miss Bissett—That adjective is civilized.

Voice from the rear row—What's an uncivilized one?

It is rumored that some '19 men are connected with the play that is to be presented at the Winnipeg. No, we do not wish to affect the box office receipts by disclosing their names.

We need not be dumb here in spite of our being in an institution like this.

—Mr. Muller.

Among Wesley's Theologs

The Theologs are after the honors in the Interclass Debating Series. On Friday, February 4th, H. G. Salton and C. T. Watterson defeated the Third Year Arts on the question of Chinese immigration. This victory leaves the divines tied with the Senior Artsmen for the first place.

Recent recruits from among the Theologs include A. J. Warman of the '17 Class. But then, what could you expect with a name like that?

It is rumored that congratulations will soon be due to J. H. Hall. No definite announcement has been made, so far as

we know, but the signs are suspicious.

A.W.K. says *The Manitoban* is not as good a paper as the Salvation Army *War Cry*. Oh!

We are sorry to hear of the illness of George Holgate, who recently went to take charge of the Forget circuit. We learn that George has had to take a rest for a while.

Dr. Fred Stephenson, of Toronto, addressed the Probationers' Society on January 28th. Dr. Stephenson is the head of the Forward Movement and gave a very interesting talk.

'Toba Theologs

The members of the Theological Club were entertained, instructed and compelled to enter into a reminiscent mood during their last regular meeting, when the Rev. J. W. Little, of Kildonan, gave a helpful address entitled, "The Making of Jim."

In a pleasing manner, the speaker portrayed the development of the life and character of the boy from nine to twenty-one years, and revealed the possibilities that were bound up in the life of the average boy; presenting a large field for the efforts of the live minister who recognized the value of a well directed ministry along lines adapted to the needs of boy life.

The speaker made a plea for a more sympathetic interest in the boy at this period of exuberance, pointing out the utter futility of endeavoring to curb his life in its manifold form and urged the necessity of changing our method of approach at this period. He pointed out that spasmodic contact once a week with an invariable lecture on things religious, which, in most cases is distasteful to the boy, is not sufficient to influence him in the direction of noble manhood. But the seven-day-a-week contact was necessary, entering into the activities of the boy and encouraging him to see that there are noble ideals to be attained in every department of his life.

His treatment of the adolescent period of the boy's life was most humorous and, as one glanced at the faces of a few of the "Jimmies" present, it was obvious the speaker was depicting accurately a period vivid in their memories.

The address, which was well prepared and delivered in vivid language, opened up many avenues of thought, suggested probable ideas for development and brought before the entire student body

the need of adapting ourselves to this phase of work which is so important.

On Wednesday, February 9th, a debate, 'Toba vs. Law, was held in the Convocation Hall. Although the attendance was not large, still those present felt that they were much profited by the arguments advanced by the debaters. The subject was: "Resolved:—That United States should have intervened to maintain the neutrality of Belgium." The affirmative was taken by Law, represented by Allan Bronfman, B.A., and E. W. Ireland, B.A. The negative was taken by 'Toba, represented by Donald Morrison and Thos. Buchanan. Mr. James Savage, B.A., acted as chairman. The Misses Black and Borthwick gave duets on the piano. The decision was in favor of the affirmative.

Bruce Steele, Stanley Miskimon, Wellington McBain and Wilfred Corstine, four students from Brandon College, came to Winnipeg, enlisted in the Army Medical Corps, and came to live in Manitoba College residence. We expected to have these friends with us for about two months, but after being in the ranks only a little over two weeks, they left with No. 10 Section on Tuesday, February 15th, for England.

A meeting of the M.C.T.C. was held in room D on Thursday, February 10th. The important business discussed dealt with the coming temperance voting. We, as a club, were asked by the Social Service to organize and canvass Centre Winnipeg in the interests of temperance. As a committee, five officers were elected: Messrs H. Ferguson (captain), W. W. McPherson, G. A. P. Austin, H. B. Wallace, and Wm. Robertson (Lieutenants). This committee to act as an executive, and during polling day to act as scrutineers.

Clarence F. Fraser is in the hospital, having gone through an operation. We are glad to learn that he is making good progress toward recovery, and that he hopes to be back amongst us in a week or so.

James Stewart is exalted to the top floor in residence, and is now occupying room 17. Do you ever see any ghosts there, Jamie? What about Hamlet?

W.T. now learns that the safest way to enter a room is by the door.

The military uniform is quite conspicuous in the dining-room these days.

On Friday, January 28th, a very pleasant evening was spent in the Convocation Hall, when the club met in a

social way, with several of their friends. Mr. Hector Ferguson presided, and a splendid program was given, which was much appreciated by all present.

Among the artistes were, Mrs. Dr. Myers and Mr. Colvin, and Mr. Stewart, vocalists, and Miss Hall and Mr. McIvor, elocutionists. Mr. Ireland presided at the piano.

Wesley Notes.

The debate between Wesley and Law drew a large crowd to Wesley Convocation Hall on January 21st, and resulted in a victory for Wesley for prohibition. The subject was, "Resolved: that Manitoba should adopt prohibition forthwith," and the affirmative was upheld by A. W. Keeton and Miss J. Hinrickson of Wesley, while J. J. Keelan and J. A. Lauman of Law argued for the negative.

Dean Argue was warmly welcomed back from Edmonton, whither he had gone during the Christmas vacation and where he was taken sick with appendicitis. After an operation, Fletcher was able to return. He stayed a few days at Wesley and then proceeded to his home in the East where he is recuperating.

There was lots of fun at the toboggan party held under the direction of the Lit., on January 28th. After a jolly time at the slide, the party returned to the College where music and refreshments were served, both of which were appreciated.

The staff of *Vox*, together with a special committee, are working on plans for the *Year Book*. Nothing short of the total eclipse of all other Year Books that ever happened will satisfy this energetic committee.

On February 4th, Miss Winona Lightcap gave a song recital in Young Church in aid of the Wesley Red Cross work. The event was a success in every way. The girls are doing their bit with vigor and enthusiasm.

Judging by reports emanating from the committee, the annual dinner is to be a swell affair this year. The date is fixed for March 3rd. The student body has decided that the graduating classes shall be the guests of honor. This is the occasion when Wesley students are wont to do things in great state, and apparently the twenty-seventh annual dinner will be no exception.

G. H. Jackson has been appointed captain of the hockey team in place of Doug. McColl, who has arrived safely in England with the Imperial Army Motor Transport. Good luck to both!

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